MARCH 1952

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

The only picture of the record Red River flood of 1826 known to be in existence: Peter Rindisbacher's unfinished pencil sketch taken from the river opposite the English church. Note the absence of shoreline, and the horizon of the flood just above the small building. Compare with earlier sketch on page 34 of the Dec. 1947 "Beaver." Courtesy C. H. Rindesbacher

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OUTFIT 282

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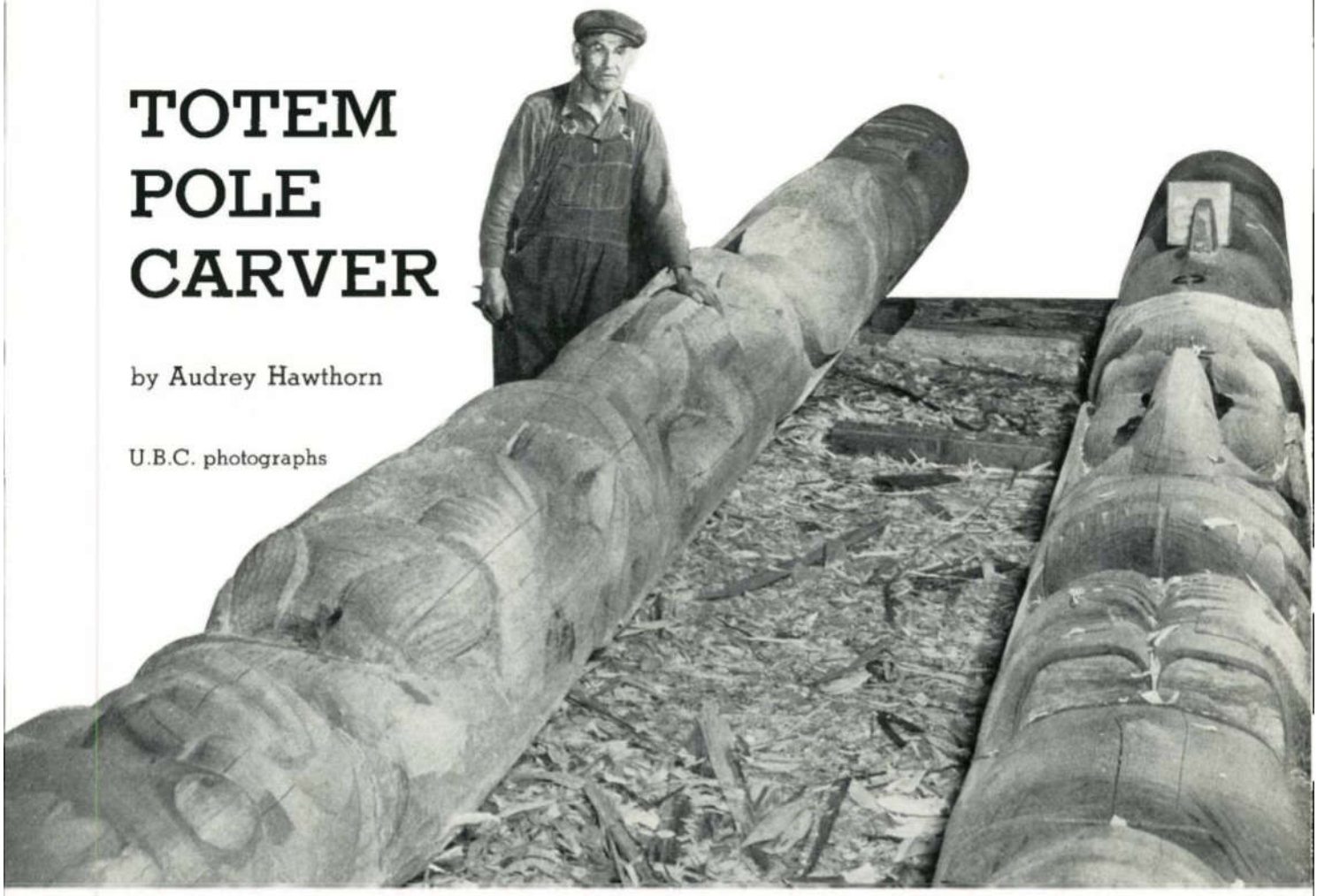
TOTEM POLE CARVER

by Audrey Hawthorn

U.B.C. photographs



Mungo Martin, old time Kwakiutl carver, with two of the poles he is now carving for the University of B.C.

SOME seventy years ago a baby was born at Fort Rupert, at the northern end of Vancouver Island. His mother wanted him to be as fine an artist as his uncle, so she set about assuring such a future for him. She asked Yakotglasami, a famous carver, to undertake the first preparations for making the boy's career. After a short ritual, the old man plucked two lashes from each of the baby's eyelids. The lashes he tied into a fine paint brush, along with new porcupine bristles, and from then on he used this brush when he painted. Thus it was that the child grew up to have an especial understanding of form, line and colour.

This is how Mungo Martin explains his gifts for painting and carving, which have made him the outstanding contemporary artist among the Kwakiutl Indians, a people whose art has been sought by all the major museums of the world. It also explains why the University of British Columbia keeps him employed at his art now that the native life has ceased to support it.

As a boy, Mungo was surrounded with a village life in which traditional art played a vigorous part. Holding on to the past with more determination than most other tribes of the Northwest Coast, the Kwakiutl continued to paint the family crest symbols on the fronts of their houses, and erect tall poles to show the ancestors and incidents in family history which gave claim to social prestige. Much of the time and effort of the whole village was occupied in establishing family dignity and position. The potlatch, where an individual and members of his family cooperated in amassing as many gifts and as much food as possible, was the focal point of these activities. After inviting many guests, some coming from great distances, an elaborate ceremony was prepared for them. It took place in a large building, where all could gather. Everywhere were evidences of the artist's skill and craft. Huge and intricate wooden masks made impressive the dancers who represented the figures of power. Carved staffs and other badges of position were used by those making the long orations which accompanied the proceedings. Food was distributed from long feast dishes of many shapes, lifted out in finely carved cedar ladles, into smaller and more intricately carved bowls. If the main reason for a particular potlatch was the assumption of a name by one who had inherited the right to take it, as Mungo inherited and claimed the

The first totem pole carved by Mungo Martin now stands restored in the grounds of U.B.C. The upright figure at the top is a sea lion.

name Hanagalasu, a totem pole would be erected as a witness of the occasion.

As might be expected, the artist who made the decorative and meaningful setting for such social effort was an important person, well-paid and much respected. Although old dishes and other utensils made in earlier days were valued, new things were always needed. An artist might be invited from one village to another as his fame spread.

The first commission offered to the young Mungo Martin was the designing and carving of a totem pole to be erected at a potlatch in Alert Bay. The occasion was one on which adult names and places in society would be assumed by the nieces and nephews of Awaliskis. This pole, interestingly enough, with a magnificently executed sea-lion as a main figure, is one of those purchased nearly fifty years later by Dr. Marius Barbeau for the University of British Columbia.

With the successful completion of this pole, the next offer came, to design and paint the house front for Komokwi, father of William Scow, who today is president of the Native Brotherhood. A main ancestral figure of this family was the killer whale, and a painting of this was patterned over the front of the house so that the mouth of the animal coincided with the doorway. The mouth was mechanically contrived so that the lower jaw opened to receive the entrant, and closed as he entered the house.

From this time on, Mungo Martin was kept busy. During his early twenties, he had studied carving under his stepfather, the well-known Charlie James, and his uncle. Imitation and constant teaching had given him experience and skill. Now he was able to proceed on his own reputation. For many years he turned out masks, housefronts, storage boxes, ladles, cradles, totem poles, and special effects for the winter dances, and supported his growing family well.

The ways of the Kwakiutl Indians, however, were changing. The children were growing into a different world. The law against the potlatch was enforced, and the articles belonging to the ceremonies were confiscated. With the cessation of the great feasts went the need for totem poles. Conversion to Christianity meant that many of the old masks were destroyed, as part of another way of life. New single-family frame houses replaced the old larger painted

Martin touches up the face of Dsonoqua, wild woman of the woods, the bottom figure of the pole on the left, which he carved as a young man.

ones. As the changes spread, there were fewer ways in which an artist could support himself. At last, Mungo Martin turned to the sea for his livelihood, as had the other men of his village, and became a commercial fisherman.

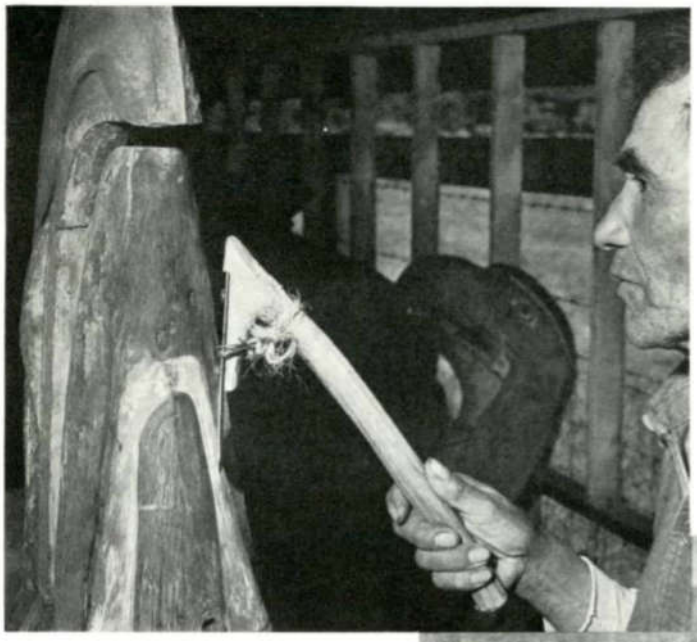
In 1947, the Hon. E. W. Hamber, Chancellor of the University of British Columbia, donated a sum of money with which to purchase some of the still magnificent though decaying totem poles of the older villages along the coast. Hoping to repair and preserve these, and to establish them as a museum for the future, Professor Hunter Lewis, in charge of the work, invited Mr. Martin down from Fort Rupert to supervise the repair work.

After nearly a year of arduous work, a group of Kwakiutl poles, heavily treated with wood preservative and newly restored where the carved surface had rotted away, were ready once more to face the weather. On the University lands, a part of the forest was cleared to provide an approximation to a natural setting. In the spring of 1951, a partially reconstructed village, transferred several hundred miles from its original site, was officially opened. A highlight of the ceremony was a speech by Mungo Martin, dressed in button blanket and wearing a head-ring of cedar bark. In his native tongue, understood by few in the audience, he told of his pleasure in helping to make a record of the crafts of the old Kwakiutl culture.

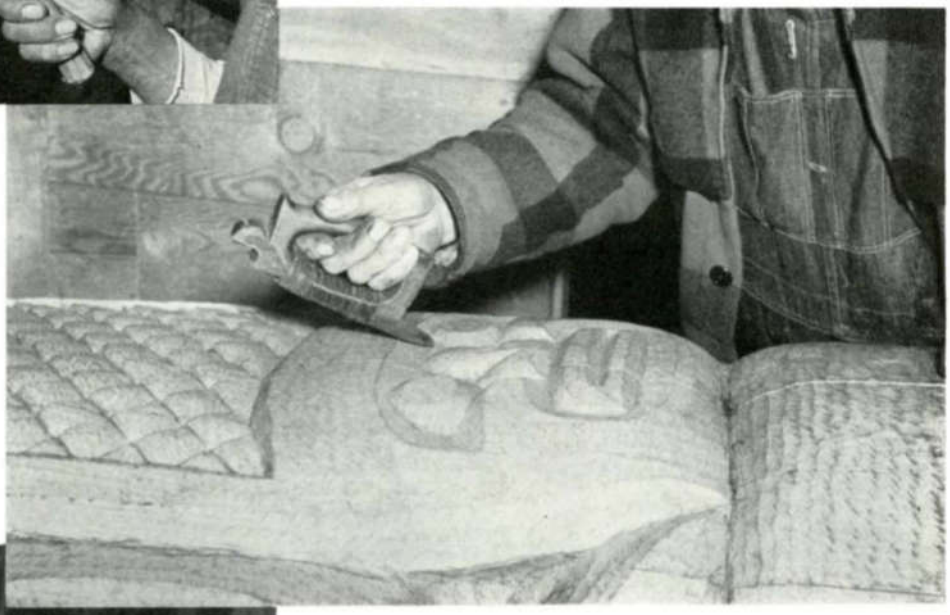
Because of the expense and time taken in the restoration of the older, decayed poles, it was decided that the carving of new ones might be more expeditious. This decision pleased Mr. Martin, who enjoyed the prospect of once more designing and carving the clean red cedar into a full-length pole. He helped to choose the two forty-foot logs from a raft in the Fraser River, and a work-shed was arranged for his convenience and comfort.

He began work at once. The bulk of it is done with the traditional tools, the "D" and the "elbow" adzes, their blades once stone, now steel, fashioned from files traded for this purpose generations earlier. First the shaggy outer bark is removed. Then with pencil Mungo roughly blocks in the proportions of the figures he has chosen to portray. With no further preparation, he begins to carve; his mental vision and his long training are the only guides needed to produce the graceful and vigorous sculpture of the poles. With the "elbow" adze he cuts figures in deep relief. They emerge with great rapidity, and he makes no mistakes. His blade is sure and precise, the length of his stroke is exact and controlled. Now and then he douses the log with water to make it soft and docile under the adze. When the figures

At the opening of the reconstructed Kwakiutl village on the U.B.C. campus last spring, "Hanagalasu" comes forward to make his speech in his mother tongue. The others, left to right are: Dr. Hunter Lewis, Dr. E. W. Hamber, Chancellor; and Dr. N. A. M. MacKenzie, President of U.B.C.

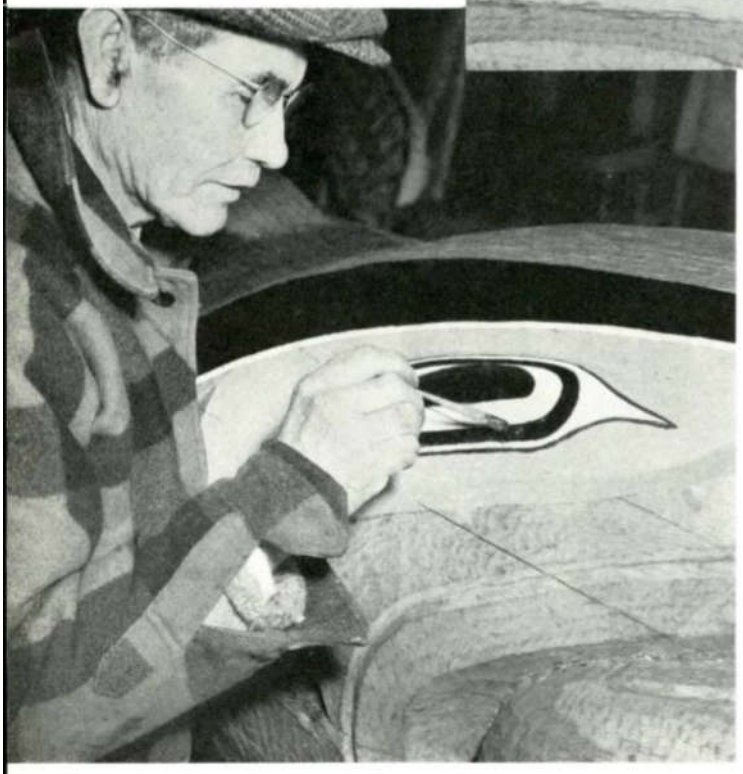


Above: Mungo Martin shows how the elbow-adze is wielded.



Right: The finishing strokes which produce the pattern on the right are made with a D-adze. The tail of a beaver is visible on the left.

Below: With a brush made in the native style he paints an eye on one of his heraldic creatures.



are clearly defined, he takes the "D" adze, and gives a finishing surface to each figure with small, quick, shallow strokes, imparting a parallel fluting which enhances the form still further. It has been usual to cover this perfection of finish with a heavy coating of bright paint, for the past two generations store-bought. On these poles, Mungo Martin plans to revert to an earlier tradition, and use paint only as an accent, to touch up the design and let the carved parts appear in their full beauty.

Mungo is not only carving the totem poles. In the tradition of the craftsman, his hands are always busy. Articles for the Museum of Anthropology are prepared in his hours at home: fine paint-brushes, like those which determined his future career, the well-known Northwest Coast wooden boxes with one board bent to form the four sides, handles for old tool blades. His wife, too, is a skilled craftswoman, and spends her time weaving, sewing and knitting as he carves and paints. For both of them the days are full and busy, and their work sometimes holds their interest so that they keep at it until two or three in the morning.

As he works, Mungo likes to talk of the old days, of things he saw as a boy, or heard the old people describe in his youth. He has an unrivalled memory for the songs and legends of the people whose stories he is illustrating in his carvings. He has been glad to have the museum make a moving picture record of all the phases of his carving, so that others may see how it is done. As he nears completion of the second long totem pole, he stops to look on it with pleasure and with pride. "I think these poles," he says, "are the best I have made in my life." Those who have seen them agree, and believe that there will be no better poles made. ◆

The Cheerful Eskimo

Outdoor Portraits
by Richard Harrington

Drawings by James Houston

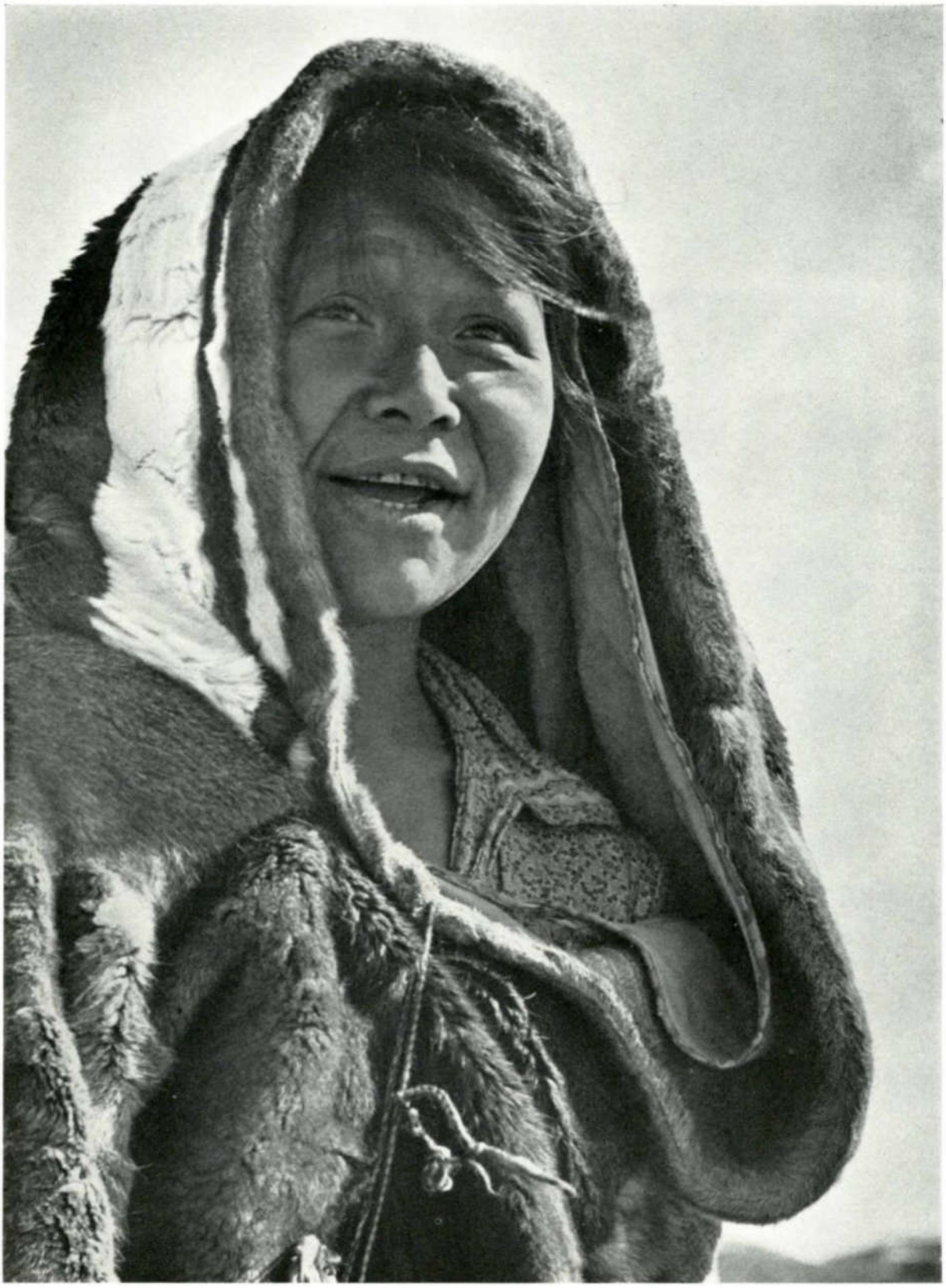
THE Eskimos are the portraitist's delight, for they are both individualistic and photogenic. These studies of some of them in characteristic mood were made last summer at Spence Bay on Boothia Isthmus, where the Eastern and Western Arctic meet—but do not mingle. The local Eskimos there are Nechilingmiut—People of the Seal. The others are immigrants from the east—from Cape Dorset on Baffin Island—and the story of their travels to Spence Bay is a long one.

Briefly, when Chesley Russell (of *Hudson's Bay Trader* fame) opened the Company's most northerly post at Dundas Harbour, Devon Island, in 1934, he took with him a number of Eskimos from Cape Dorset who were eager to find new hunting territory. When Dundas post was closed, they moved south to another, opened at Arctic Bay on northern Baffin Island; and in 1937, when Fort Ross was established, they moved again, southwest to Somerset Island. Finally, when Fort Ross was closed and Spence Bay opened three years ago, they moved south to Boothia Isthmus. These, incidentally, are the people whom Mr. Learmonth accompanied in his "Interrupted Journey" in the fall of 1950 (*Beaver*, Sept. 1951).

The natives whose portraits appear on the following pages are representatives of the finest types of Eskimos—cheerful, hardy, resourceful, and brave—fit inhabitants for the most inhospitable region on the face of the northern hemisphere. May their traditions long endure, and may their numbers never grow less.

Irko-oktok enjoys his soapstone pipe.

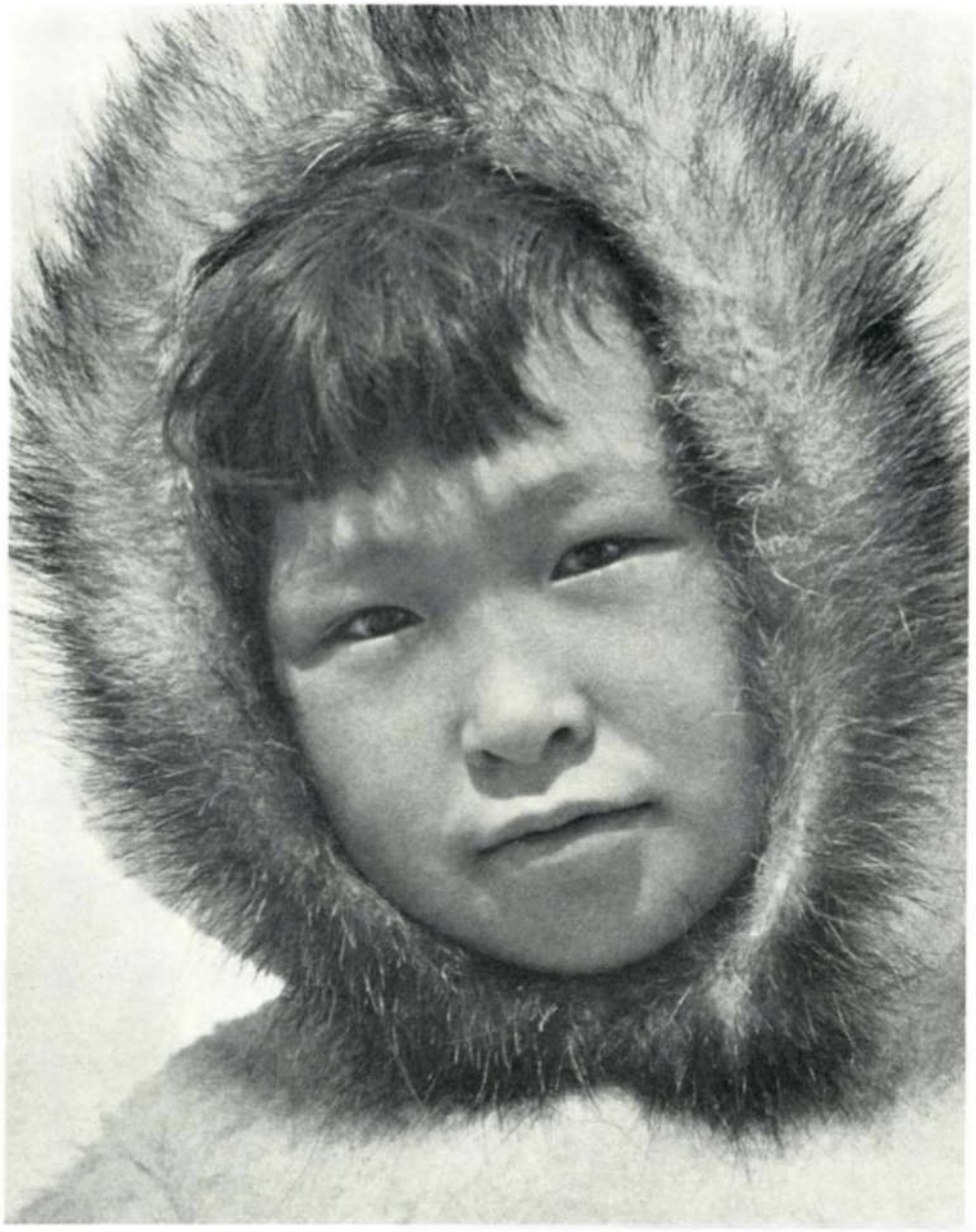
Petti-kooti smiles for Adeeliorli.



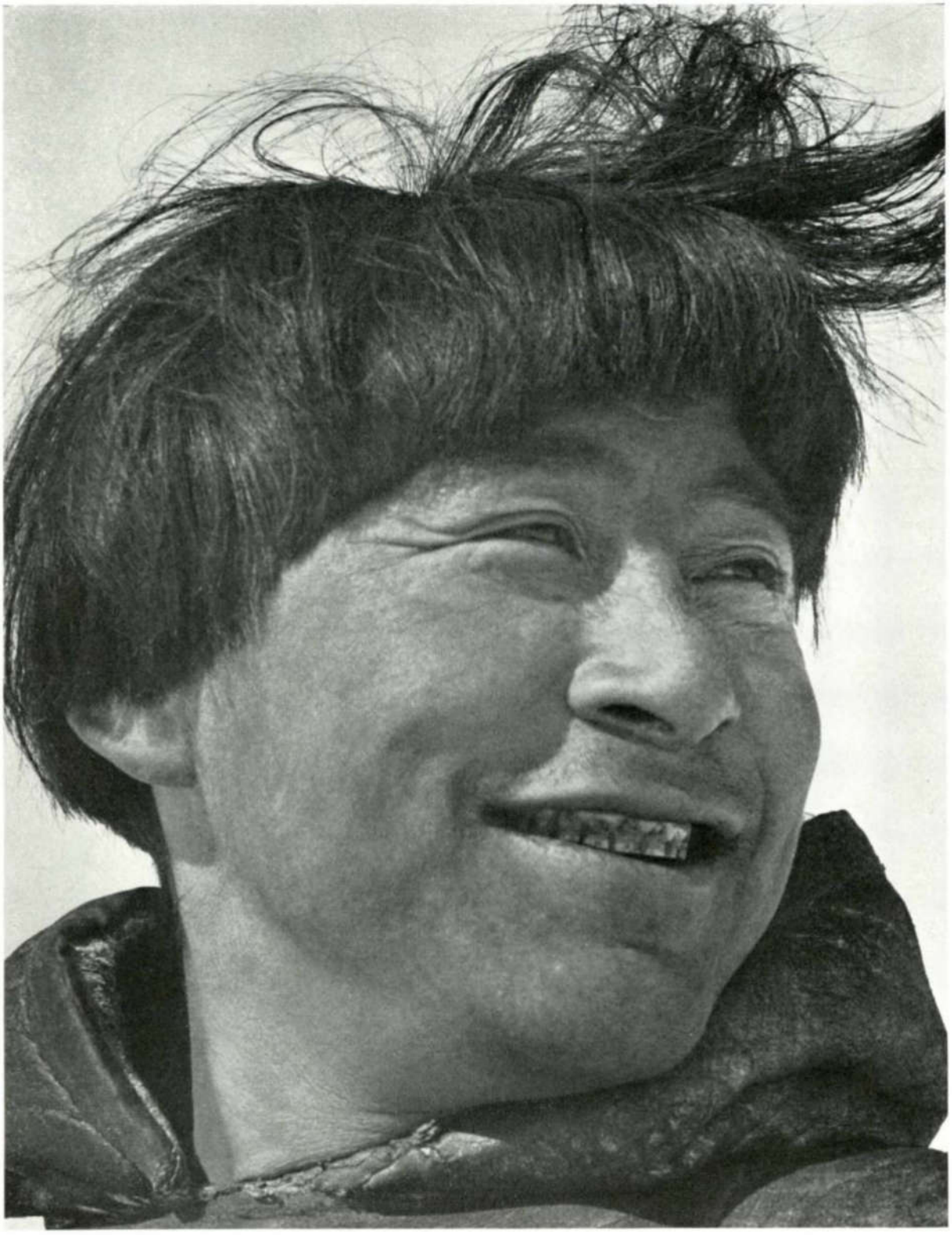
Cape Dorset woman.

Nechilik old-timer.

Teen-ager.



Angnapik.



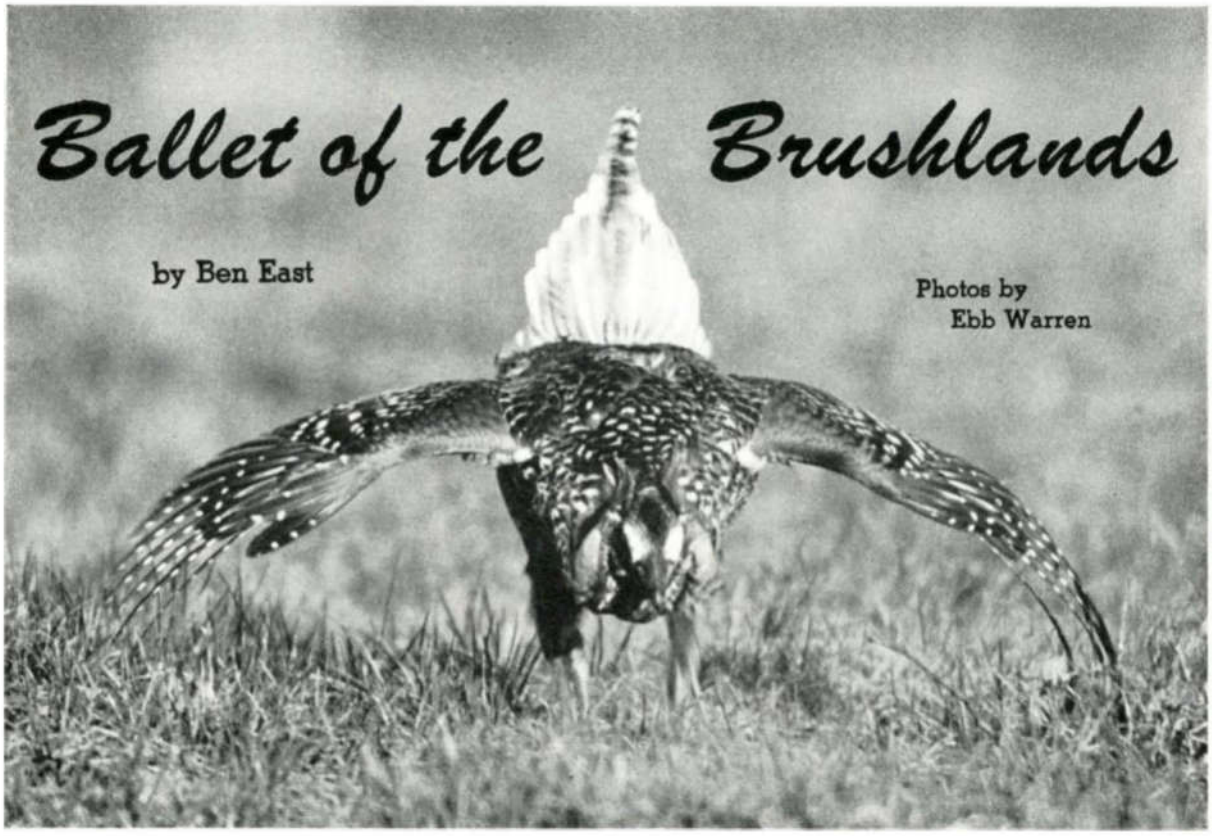
Happy hunter.

The Old Mischief.

Ballet of the Brushlands

by Ben East

Photos by Ebb Warren



Head-on view of a cock sharptail displaying his tail rosette.

No more fantastic performance is known among North American birds than the courtship dance of the sharptail grouse.

THE beam from a flashlight shows my watch hands pointing at 4.20. The eastern sky is beginning to turn grey. A solitary ancient pine on a ridge to the north takes shape, black and stark against the growing light. There are two openings in the front of the low burlap blind, small square windows where the camera can look out. They are brightening now, making the dark interior seem blacker still. In half an hour it will be full daylight.

Up to this moment the morning has been completely still, with the sharp frosty stillness that marks the birth of an early-spring day in wild country. No hint of wind has stirred through the low thickets of blueberry and sweetfern in front of the blind. No bird twitter has yet heralded dawn. But now there is sudden sound, distant and strange and weird. It resembles the hooting made by a quick blast of air blown through a low-pitched reed instrument, repeated over and over again without a break, an explosive, emphatic "Coo! Coo! Coo! Coo! Coo!"

Off there in the northeast, beyond the ridge where the lone pine stands, there is a flat grassy opening a hundred feet in diameter, marked by a few low hummocks, relatively free of brush and undergrowth. It is much like the open space here in front of the blind, and the two spots serve a common purpose. Each is a dancing ground for the sharp tail grouse of the neighborhood.

Here the sharptails have come each spring for unremembered years, assembling in the early dawn to perform their queer courtship dance, to make the morning ring with their far-carrying hooting, to mate, to carry out the strange, elaborate ritual that accompanies the perpetuation of their kind. No more fantastic performance is known among North American birds.

The first grouse of the morning is hooting now on the dancing ground beyond the ridge. That means there will be activity around my blind in a matter of minutes.

It comes without advance notice, with abrupt and dramatic suddenness, a sharp drumbeat of wings as the first bird flies in, unseen in the darkness. He seems to set off some established and recognized signal system, for on his heels another comes down and then a third and a fourth.

They are gathering now from all directions, coming singly and in pairs and trios, so that we lose count of the new arrivals. Just behind the blind, no more than two arm-lengths away, one begins suddenly to hoot, the notes startlingly close and loud in the morning stillness. But still we have seen nothing in the dim light.

Two strays wing in, one after another, and then there are no more arrivals. The assembly is complete. We know from previous counts that there are some forty grouse scattered around the grassy opening and in the fringes of the low brush beyond it. Six or eight of them are hooting in broken unison, and now there is another sound, new and different both in origin and quality. It is a quick fluttering, as of wings beating swiftly but impotently. It is not, however, born of wings. It is the tail ruffle of the sharptail, the climactic small-scale thunder with which he expresses the peak of his spring ardour. It is to him what drumming is to his kinsman, the ruffed grouse. Rolling across the dancing ground for the first time, it announces that the curtain has gone all the way up on the morning's performance, that the big act is now under way. My watch says 4.30. It has been ten minutes since the first lone bird sounded off on the distant dancing hill.

And now at last we see movement in front of the blind. A ghostly shape crosses the frosty grass at a fast run, another races to meet it and the two flatten to the ground, facing each other only inches apart.

At 4.35 the dancing ground is seething with activity. The hooting is continuous and the tail ruffle starts up and dies away again time after time. The white tail-rosettes of the running, dancing birds show plainly now, as the April morning brightens. The east is growing rosy with the coming sun and minute by minute the complex performance of the grouse unfolds more and more clearly before our eyes, a curious mixture of dignity and ridiculous, comic-opera strutting.

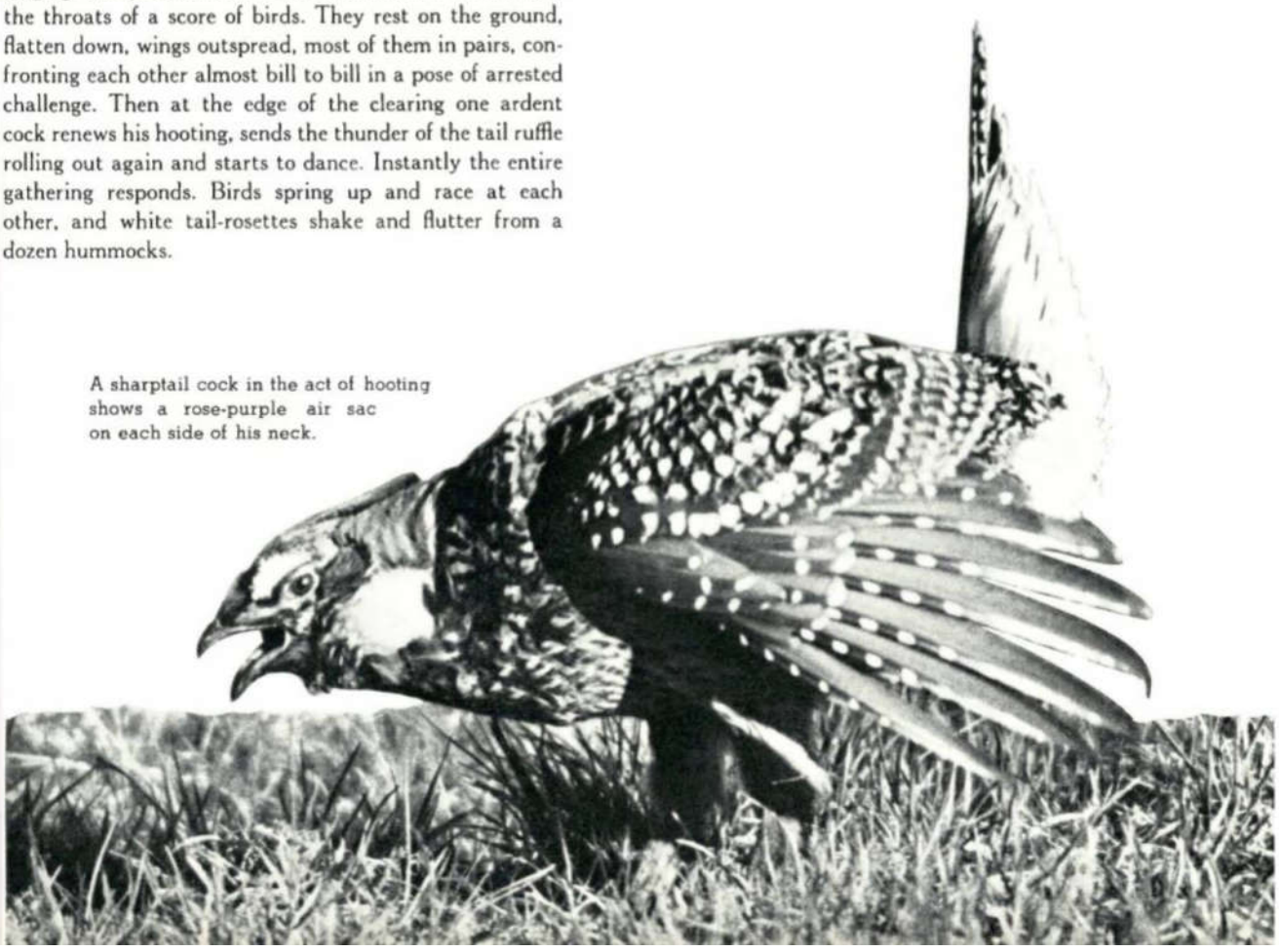
There is a momentary lull. All activity stops and the stage grows quiet, save for a low yowling note whining in the throats of a score of birds. They rest on the ground, flatten down, wings outspread, most of them in pairs, confronting each other almost bill to bill in a pose of arrested challenge. Then at the edge of the clearing one ardent cock renews his hooting, sends the thunder of the tail ruffle rolling out again and starts to dance. Instantly the entire gathering responds. Birds spring up and race at each other, and white tail-rosettes shake and flutter from a dozen hummocks.

A big cock has been resting by himself during the intermission, flattened on the grass no more than three paces in front of the blind. Now, stirred and stimulated by the excitement around him, he leaps up, lifts and spreads his peaked tail, droops his wings, lowers and extends his head and pumps forth a long series of hoots.

With each note his head bobs sharply, reflecting the force and emphasis with which he gives vent to his strange love song. And with each note the plumage parts, low on the side of his neck, and a rose-purple air sac appears, swollen to the size of a tennis ball, inflating and deflating as he hoots. That is the tight-stretched drumhead of his singing, the sounding board by which he sends word of his desires rolling across the ridges and over the brush-bordered clearings. Over each eye a golden-yellow stripe or comb glows brightly, the one touch of vivid color in his modest plumage of grey and buff and white, like a plume on the helmet of a knight.

The hooting comes to an abrupt end, no longer adequate to express his feelings. Fired by his own mood and the competition around him, he has need now of something more dramatic and violent. The wide-spread white rosette of his tail flutters and vibrates suddenly, and the tail ruffle thunders across the dancing ground like a rattle of small snare drums.

Seeing that queer performance for the first time, it is easy to believe that it is accomplished by a rapid movement of the tail from side to side. But more careful observation indicates instead that the ruffle is produced by a very



A sharptail cock in the act of hooting shows a rose-purple air sac on each side of his neck.

rapid and tremulous opening and closing of the tail, as a fan is opened and closed. Whatever the exact mechanics of the performance, the fact remains that it produces a sound unique among the courtship music of birds, and one that is not outdone for forcefulness even by the far more widely known drumming of the ruffed grouse.

On the heels of his ruffle, the bird begins the dance that climaxes the entire routine. Tail lifted in a flashing snowy rosette, head lowered, wings outspread and drooping but not quite touching the ground, he runs at top speed while standing in one spot!

His feet beat the ground like the twinkling feet of a ballerina. Their pattering tattoo is clearly audible in the blind, and a tiny dust cloud eddies up beneath them from the dry, hard-packed summit of the dancing hill. While he dances the bird holds himself in a rigid and awkward posture, and although he appears to move neither forward nor backward deliberately, his flying feet carry him slowly around in a tight little circle two or three feet across, as if the effort to stay in one place were too much for him.

He sounds the tail ruffle again in mid-dance and another cock, dancing in identical frenzy on a low hummock a score of feet away, takes note and rushes at him. He accepts the challenge and charges headlong. The two birds meet and halt with their bills almost touching, heads still lowered, wings spread, in full dancing pose, crouching down just short of actual combat.

And now, near the center of the dancing ground a little to the right of the blind, we discover the cause of all this frantic rivalry, the inspiration of every hoot and tail ruffle and mincing dance step. Clustered there in a loose knot are ten or a dozen hen grouse, resting quietly on the grass, watching the strange ballet impassively, listening, apparently unmoved, to the queer love music of the rival swains.

The cocks immediately around the hens are the biggest and quite possibly the oldest of the assembly. Rivalry appears no keener among them than at the fringes of the clearing. Nevertheless, it is evident that they hold a preferred position and have won the right to be there, for as often as a more distant bird attempts to intrude on their loosely drawn circle, one of them rushes at him with vigour and determination and drives him back.

From time to time these custodians of the harem are rewarded, too. One of the hens, moved to surrender by the frenzy on the dancing ground, signifies her willingness to mate. How she makes known her mood, what sort of signal she passes, men who have watched the birds for years do not know. But whatever her gesture of consent, it does not go unnoticed in a place where there are so many males bursting with springtime passion. The nearest rushes to her and she flattens on the ground and receives him. Actual mating is swift and brief, a deft treading that is over before the observer is sure it has taken place. The cock bird goes back to resume his dancing, the hen demurely keeps her place in the harem. Often a second cock, having a greater distance to run, will court her unsuccessfully as the first departs, but his attentions are ignored or rebuffed. In the marriage month of the sharptails, the race is to the swift or the near.

Occasionally, but not often, the headlong charge of two rival cocks at the culmination of the dance flares into open combat, one or both birds leaping into the air, striking and fighting like clumsier, less savage versions of game cocks. But the battles are of short duration and for the most part the grouse are content with the dashing, arrogant challenge and its prompt acceptance.

They are likely to face each other for long, lagging minutes, squared off like two boxers, squatting low, wings spread, bills only two or three inches apart. Often a third

During a lull in their springtime ardour, two rival cocks confront each other in silence, only a few inches apart.

cock dashes in from the side, thrusting his head almost between those of the original pair as if begging to be let in on whatever trouble may be brewing, in a thoroughly laughable gesture of minding other business than his own.

Sooner or later one of the face-to-face birds springs up to dance again, pirouetting away in stiff-legged pantomime. Usually that inspires his rival to a similar display. At the end of the dance they may wheel back to confront each other or one of them may dash away to challenge a fresh contestant, leaving the other to face an empty space, looking crestfallen and frustrated.

Let a period of inactivity settle over the dancing ground, and however long it may last each pair of birds facing each other continues to hold place and pose, frozen where they were when the last tail ruffle sounded. Later in the spring, when their ardor is waning and there are long lulls between bursts of dancing, two cocks confronting each other in this fashion will huddle comfortably down to doze, bill to bill, sitting half asleep, like grumpy bachelors wondering why they got up so early, but still hopeful that one of the girls may drop in and liven things up again. Apparently, even at such a time, they are reluctant or afraid to turn their backs on each other.

The sharptails begin gathering on the dancing grounds as early as February, before the snow has melted, coming at first only on clear sunny mornings. The breeding season reaches its peak toward the end of April, and then the birds are fiercely active, dancing, hooting and ruffling almost continuously, with only short and infrequent intermissions.

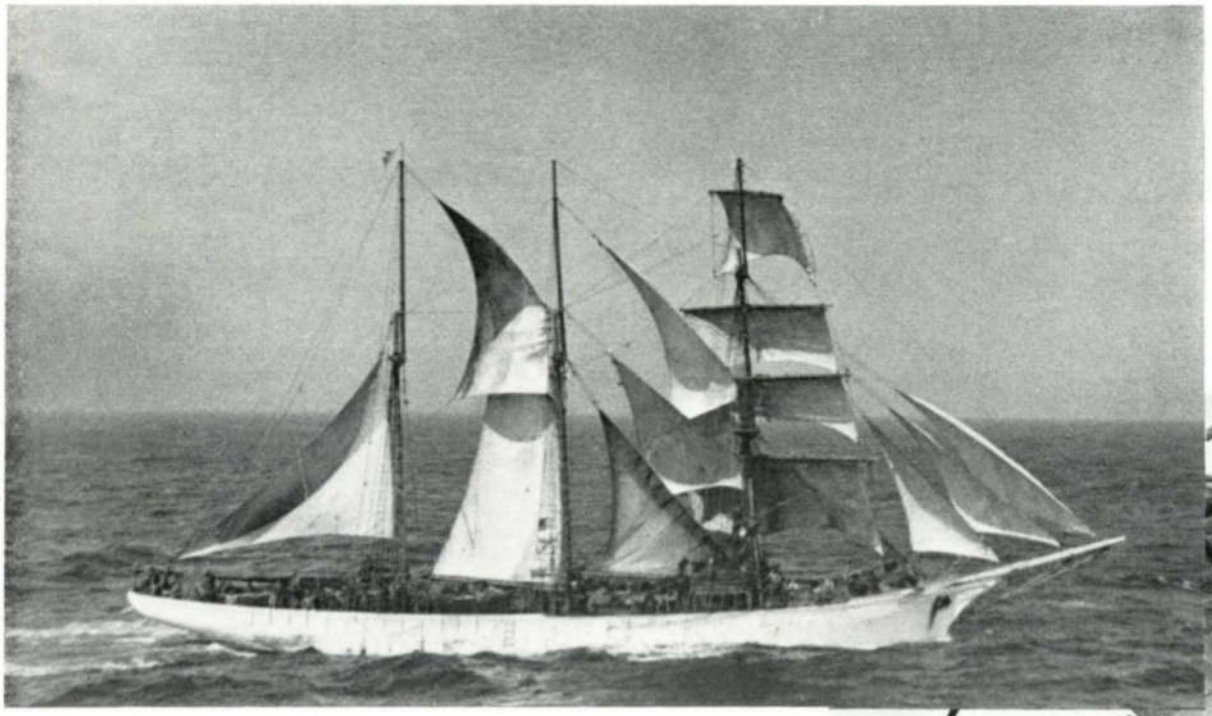
As spring advances fewer and fewer hens come to the trysting place, and as the frenzy of the cocks dies slowly away, the periods of inactivity grow more prolonged.

I went back to our blind one morning the third week in May, but the performance was dull and uninspired. There was a brief period of hooting and dancing in the first gray light of dawn, and another when the rising sun touched the grouse and warmed them. But in between they huddled quietly in sleepy-looking pairs, feathers fluffed out, and for a full hour not a single hoot broke the silence, no bird flashed his tail rosette or roused himself to attempt the intricate routine of the dance. Through all of that hour no sound came from them save an occasional low murmur.

Let a stray hen fly in among the dozing cocks at such a time, and the entire assembly leaps instantly into frantic and ardent activity. There is not much chance of that happening, however, for by that season the hens that made up the April harem are brooding their clutches of olive-buff or brown eggs, each snugly settled on a shallow, grass-lined or leaf-lined bowl under the shelter of a sweetfern clump or other low underbrush. The hen sharptail is well served at nesting time by the protective coloration of her plumage; like most grouse she seems aware of this natural camouflage and takes full advantage of it. She is a close brooder, deserting her eggs only in the face of extreme and imminent threat, and for that reason the nest is rarely discovered save by those who search diligently for it.

The hot weather of June stills finally the chorus of the dancing ground and disperses the strutting cocks to their summer haunts in the neighboring thickets and grassy openings. But with the arrival of fall a strange brief resurgence of their spring ardor overtakes them, and the first frosty mornings of September are almost certain to hear their weird hooting rolling across the brush-dotted prairies. They seem reluctant to let winter come without performing a few last times on the stage that held so much significance for them in April. Or perhaps, rather, they are looking ahead, feeling in those cool crisp mornings the advance stirrings of the emotion that will rule their lives again when the long winter is ended and the dancing hills are free of snow once more. But convention is stronger in the female, always. No hen rewards the hooting and dancing in September, and the autumn frenzy of the sharptails is of short duration. ◆

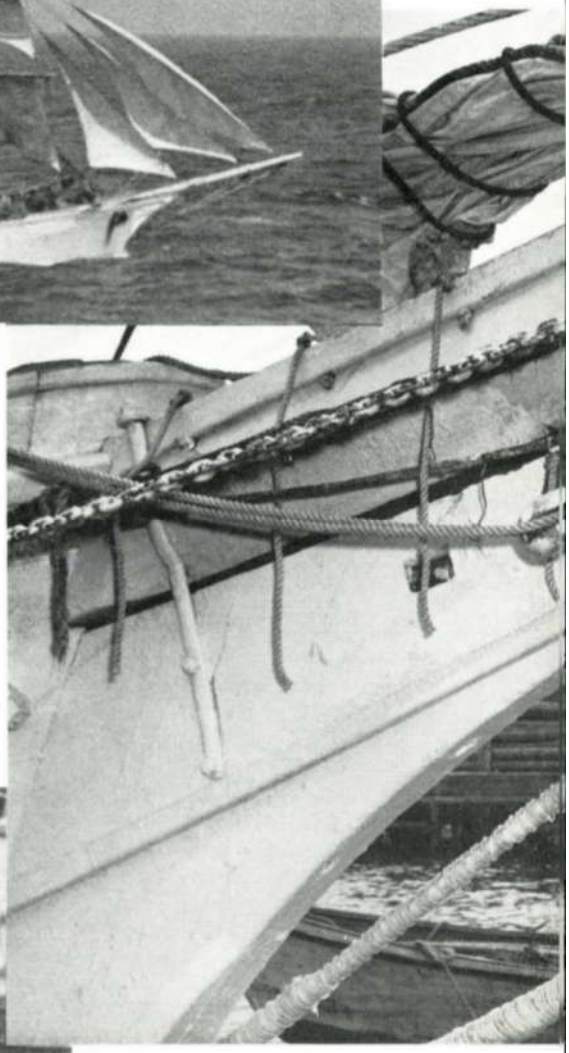
At it again with heads lowered and wings spread, as the dancing space resounds to their hooting and the ruffling of their tail feathers.



The "Gazela," last barquentine to fish the banks off Newfoundland, under full sail. She is nearly seventy years old. Alan Villiers

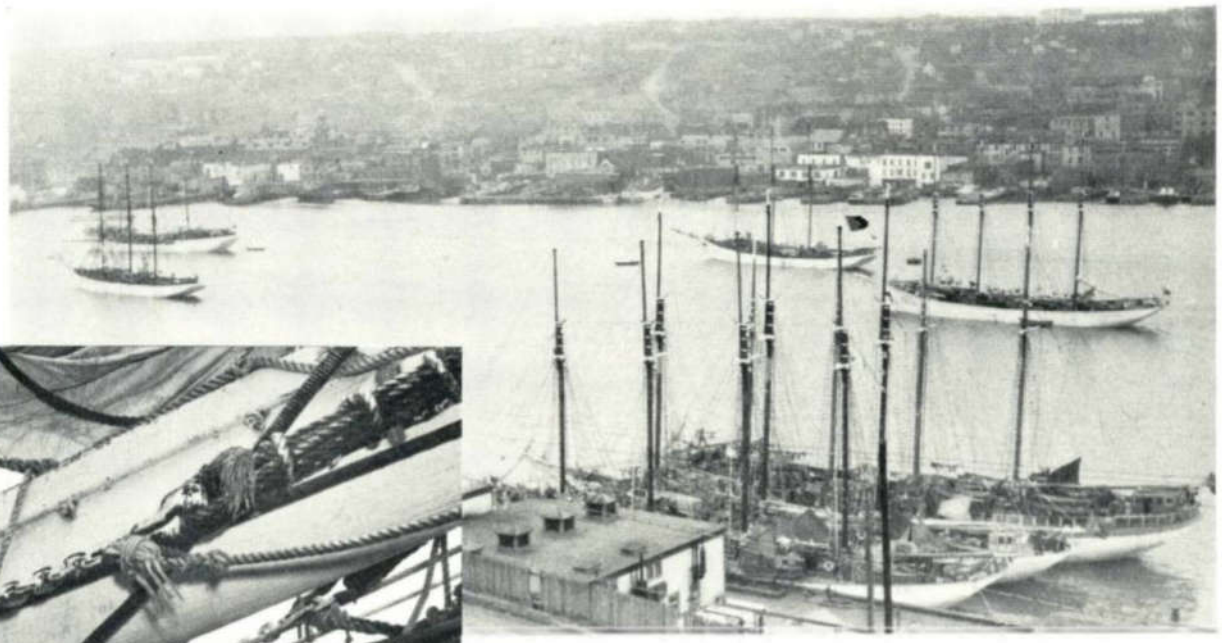
BANKERS from PORTUGAL

(Most of the material for this account was gleaned from five articles by Alan Villiers in the *Trident*, June to December 1950.)

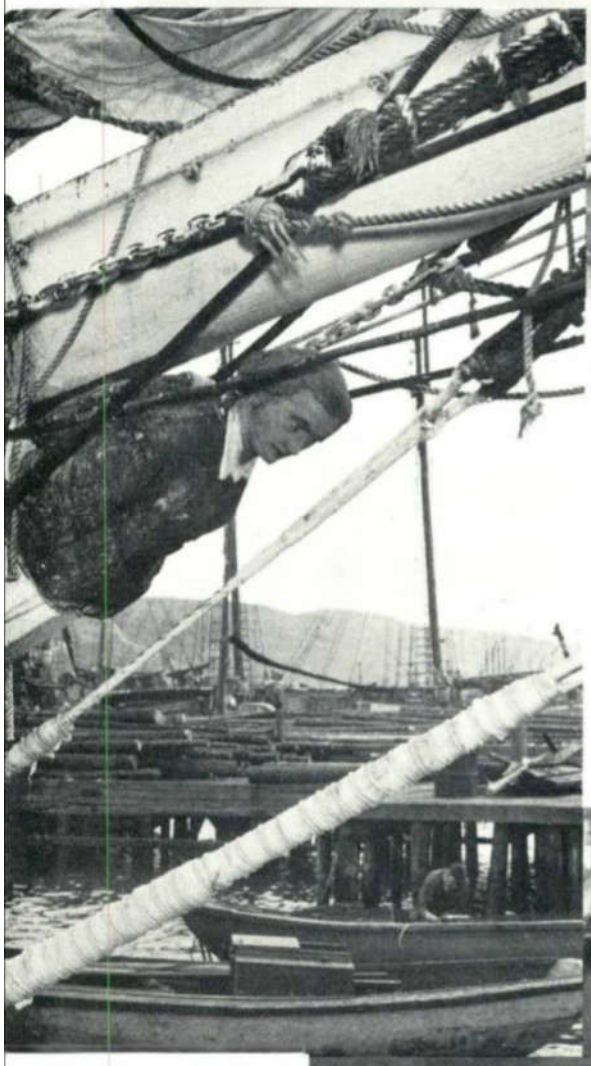


Above: the painted figurehead of the "Gazela." St. John's Daily News

Men of the Portuguese fishing fleet at St. John's. Note the one-man dories nested on board one of the more modern ships of the fleet.
E. Maunder

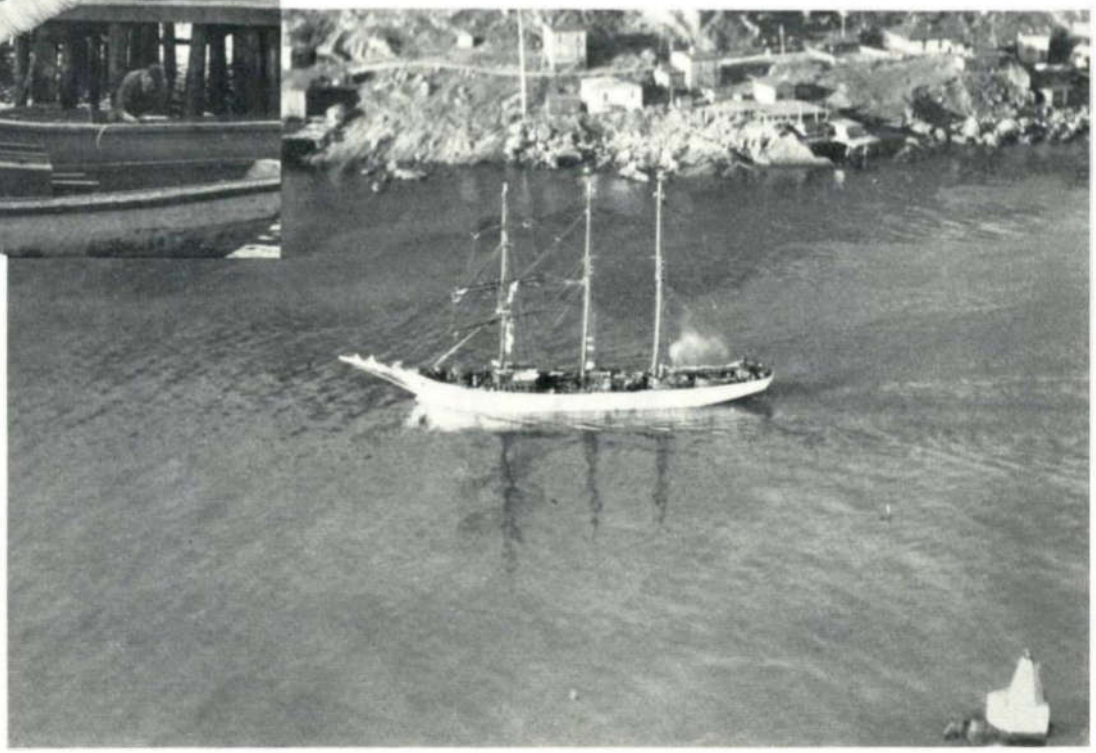


Some of the schooners tied up in St. John's harbour, and others at anchor. The barquentine "Gazela" is on the left. E. Maunder



LONG before the North American fur trade was even thought of, fishermen from Portugal came to gather an annual harvest of cod on the banks off Newfoundland. And they have been coming ever since. Their arrival in St. John's harbour in spring is one of the most thrilling sights of the year in that ancient seaport. With their white hulls and clean, graceful lines, about thirty three- and four-masted schooners glide through the Narrows and moor at the wharves along the south shore, or anchor out in the harbour.

Oldest and most interesting vessel in the fleet is a barquentine (a ship with the foremast square-rigged)



The "Gazela" leaving the Narrows at St. John's under power.
E. Maunder

The "Creoula" in Davis Strait, off Greenland. A modern steel banker, she was built at Lisbon in 1937, and is reinforced for ice navigation. Alan Villiers

named *Gazela*. A sleek three-hundred-tonner, she has been sailing the seas since 1883, and she is still in fine shape. To keep her up to date she has been provided with a diesel auxiliary; but some of the schooners have no auxiliary engines—and by way of contrast, other vessels in the fleet have no sails.

One of these is the rescue ship, which is provided with a hospital and carries a priest on board. Every now and then she calls for the mail at St. John's, and distributes it to the schooners.

But it is for bait—herring—that the main body of schooners calls at St. John's. They do not trawl; they send their fishermen out in one-man dories equipped with a home-made sail, alone upon the wide ocean, to catch their cod on long lines each equipped with hundreds of baited hooks.

Alan Villiers, the celebrated sea-writer, who accompanied the fleet to the banks of Newfoundland and West Greenland two years ago, speaks of this hand-lining from dories as "the toughest kind of seafaring still surviving." Lives are lost every season; storms and fog arise when the dories are far from their mother ship; and even whales are an occasional menace. Twice in recent years the fishermen have been surprised from below by the huge head of a humpback rising suddenly beneath them, and tossing their loaded dories aside like wood-chips.

These men from Portugal have fished for at least four and a half centuries on the banks of Newfoundland, but it is only in the past twenty years that they have also fished the waters off West Greenland. And that is where the real hardships lie.

"If our dorymen had led tough lives on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland," writes Mr. Villiers in the *Trident*, "their lives in Greenland were so hellish that I often wondered how they could so calmly accept the dangers and stand the pace. . . . They just work on and on and on and on: nobody brings round cans of steaming coffee. Nobody brings around anything. Everybody is too busy—officers, deckboys, cooks, as well. There are no breaks, though far too often the wind whipping down from the icy mountains is almost insufferable. They work in water and in fish often to their knees. . . . Afterwards there is good nourishing hot soup, but some of them are so tired they do not bother to eat this. And so four hours' sleep and then the same routine again upon the morrow."

The south shore at St. John's presents a busy scene when the Portuguese fleet is in port—especially on washday. Daily News

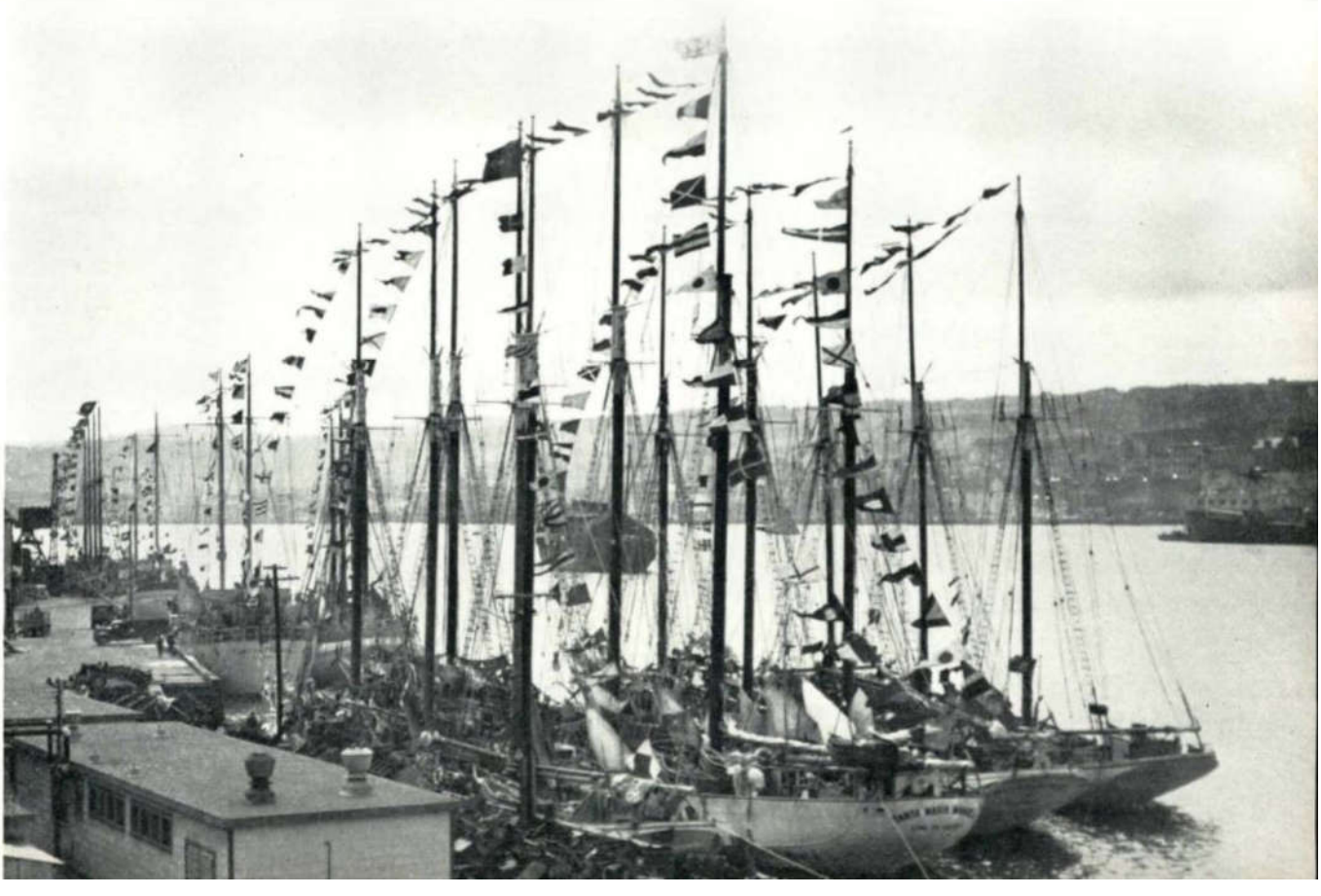
The "Aviz," a modern schooner-type banker, was built by the celebrated Monicas at Gafanha, near Aveiro. Alan Villiers

Sometimes they work a twelve hour stretch in the dories, then come on board the schooner and work the next eight hours cleaning and salting the catch. They know that the sooner they fill the ship with salted cod, the sooner they will be back in their homeland.

Most of these hardy mariners come from either the north of Portugal or the Azores. As far back as the early 1500's, Aveiro in Portugal was providing masters for the bankers, and today most of the masters and officers and many of the dorymen come from the vicinity of that town. Some of the masters are young men in their twenties, but many of the dorymen are over fifty.

Just before the fleet leaves Lisbon it is blessed by the Archbishop. The service is held in the Church of Geronimos, where lie the bones of the great navigator, Vasco da Gama, while outside along the ancient wharves the bunting flutters gaily from the masts of forty or fifty bankers. Then the seamen, more mindful than ever of the thousands who have gone before them, go aboard their ships and sail out of the sunny Tagus, bound for the fogs and storms of Greenland and Newfoundland. ◆

The schooners at St. John's dress ship. One is the "Santa Maria Manuela," sister ship of the "Creoula." E. Maunder



Changing the Arctic Maps–II

The second and last part of Dr. Robinson's article deals with the mainland and the islands south of 75°.

by J. Lewis Robinson

THE December 1951 issue of the *Beaver* discussed the changes that have been made in the coastlines of the far northern group of Arctic Islands. New islands and inlets have been discovered. For the first time new maps that are being prepared will show accurately some of the geographical features that had previously been seen only a few times. All of this has become possible since the Arctic Islands, like most of the rest of Canada, have been photographed from the air. The map of northern Canada, in 1939, was the compilation of months and sometimes years of slow survey work by explorers of the last century and by government and private expeditions of this century.[1] Within the few years following World War II more map information has become available from air photographs than was assembled in the two previous centuries, and most of it is much more accurate. In addition, the air photos have given a valuable tool to the geographer, enabling him to study physical conditions in the interiors of the Arctic Islands, many of which have not yet been visited by white men on foot.

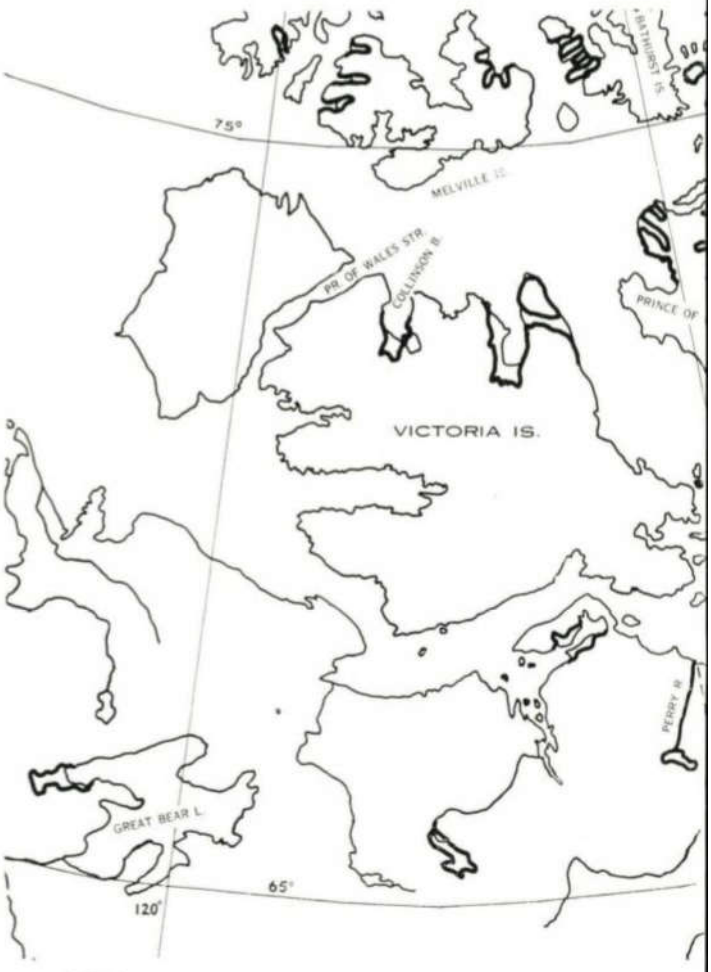
Although the southern group of Arctic Islands was better known, and more frequently visited, than the northern group, the new air photos have revealed further coastal details, and brought out the interior drainage patterns.

There have been no major changes in the outline of Banks Island. The coast was mapped very well by the exploratory expeditions of R. M'Clure and R. Collinson, and details were filled in by Stefansson's expedition early in this century. There was, however, virtually no mapping done in the interior of Banks Island. Air photos have shown the existence of two deeply-entrenched rivers flowing northward, and two large rivers meandering out to a low coastal plain along the western part of the island.

The southern section of Victoria Island is part of the settled Arctic, with permanent settlements and annual transportation moving along its coasts. By 1939 the south and part of the west coasts had been accurately mapped. The northern coast, on the other hand, was almost unknown, having been seen by only three expeditions, and all when travelling under severe winter conditions with frequent periods of poor visibility. R. Wynniatt, from M'Clure's expedition, which was ice-bound in Prince of Wales Strait, first explored the western part of the north coast. He was followed a year later by R. Collinson, who did not know that members of M'Clure's crew were ice-bound in the same area.

For more than 50 years the northeastern part of Victoria Island was unvisited and unknown. In 1905, G. Hansen, from Amundsen's expedition wintering on King William Island, explored and mapped much of the low, flat eastern coast. In 1915, S. Storkerson, from Stefansson's expedition, completed the mapping of the north coast, but was unable to link up with Hansen's survey, thus leaving a section in the northeast which had never been visited.

R.C.A.F. exploratory flights in 1946 were the first to see this part of Victoria Island and reported that it was another large island, separated from the main island by a wide, island-dotted channel. Later air photos have confirmed this report, but no white man has yet set foot on the new island. The air photos also defined the northern coast more accurately, changing the shape and giving a



1. See P.D. Baird's articles on Arctic exploration in the March, June and Sept., 1949, issues of the *Beaver*; and J. L. Robinson and P. D. Baird, "A Brief History of Exploration and Research in the Canadian Eastern Arctic" in the March, 1945, issue of *Canadian Geographical Journal*.

2. The author accompanied these flights as geographer for the Northwest Territories Administration.

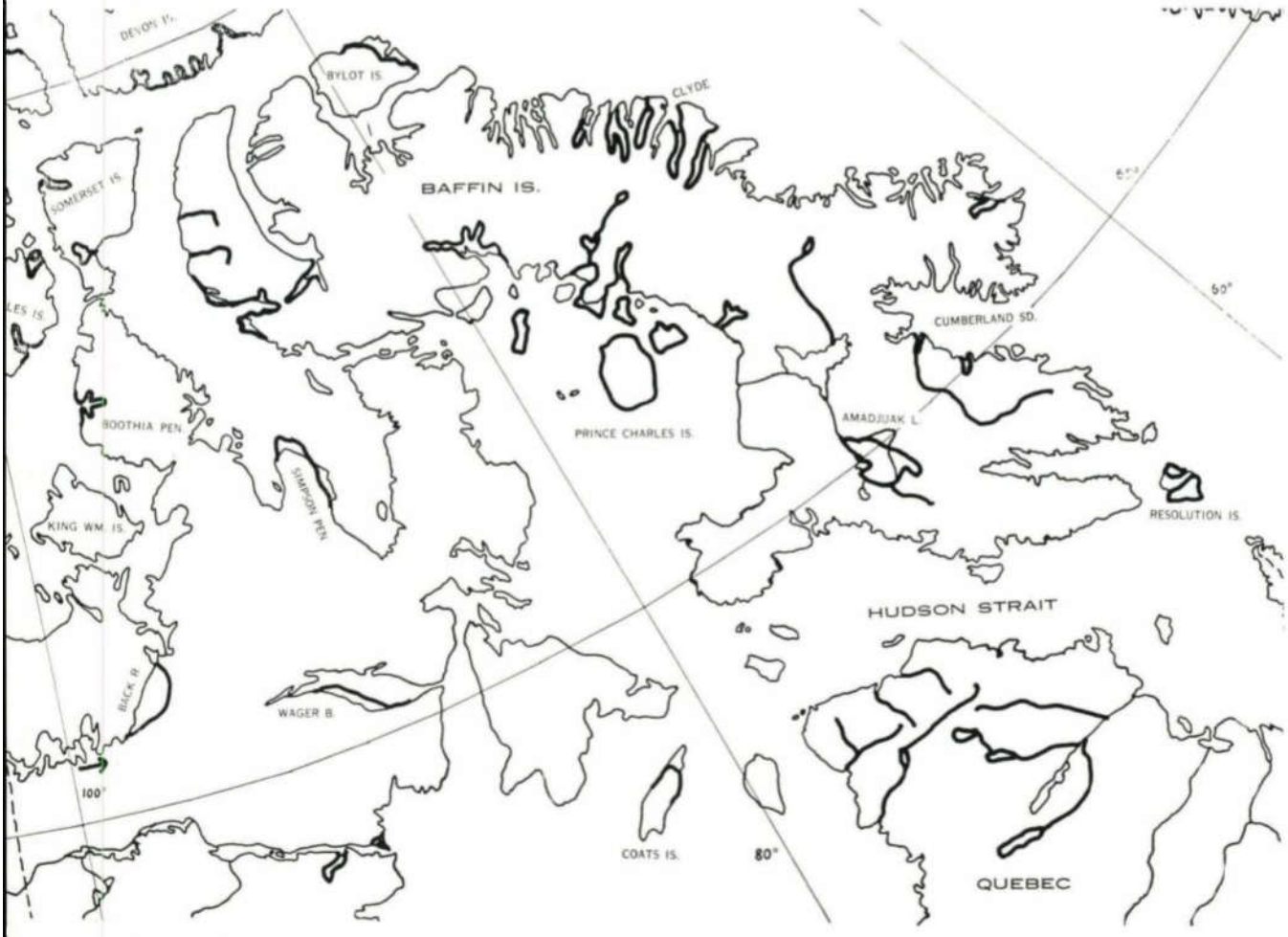
more southerly trend to Collinson Bay, and outlining the shores of Hadley Bay, of which Storkerson had only crossed the mouth. Several large rivers have been noted in the interior of Victoria Island and there are a few large lakes. The rest of the interior is dotted with innumerable small lakes, which cannot be mapped easily on the 8-mile-to-1-inch map sheets which are being compiled at present for the Arctic regions by the Surveys and Mapping Division of the federal Department of Mines and Technical Surveys.

In 1947 the navigator on the R.C.A.F. plane carrying the North Magnetic Pole expedition discovered a small island lying in M'Clintock Channel between Gateshead Island and the east coast of Victoria Island. Although the discovery is a minor one, it brings up the interesting speculation as to whether Collinson, who reached this island in 1853 in search of Franklin, actually stopped at the first island, or the one which we now call Gateshead. To the north of Gateshead Island a line of several small islands was noted by the present writer.

The general shape of Prince of Wales Island remains unchanged, despite the fact that some of the coasts had not been seen since they were first mapped during the Franklin Search of 100 years ago. Several inlets, which were mapped during coastal travel, have been found to extend very far inland. In the southeast, Guillemard "Bay" was used for a landing during the 1947 North Magnetic Pole expedition, and discovered to be a long, well-sheltered inlet, with a sharp bend to the northward. This inlet proved to be one of the few ice-free harbours of large size found in this section of the Central Arctic in 1947.[4] Another long inlet was discovered to extend westward from the north side of Browne Bay, on the east coast, its mouth being dotted with shoals. The northwestern part of Prince of Wales Island has not been visited since the original exploration almost 100 years ago. Air photos show a large inlet extending to the southeast, and another bay jutting in from the north side of Ommanney Bay. Except for a narrow strip of low land these inlets almost make another island of northwestern Prince of Wales Island.

Details have been added to the coastline of Somerset Island. No changes were necessary in the perpendicular wall of rock which forms much of the east coast, since it was easily mapped and had been seen by numerous ships.

The thick lines represent corrections in the map of Arctic Canada made since 1939 through aerial photography. The photographs have also revealed new facts about the interior of the Arctic islands which have not yet been visited by white men on the ground.



The southern part of the west coast has a more rugged character. Some of this rough "coast" has been shown to be a line of offshore islands, sheltering an inside passage which could be used by small Eskimo boats. One of the chief discoveries was the confirmation of Eskimo reports brought to Fort Ross that a large lake existed in the narrow neck of land west of Creswell Bay. During the 1947 Magnetic Pole expedition an arm was reported to extend westward from this large lake into the low mountains which rise sharply above the western shores. Later air photos suggested that this arm connected with an inlet jutting in from the west coast, therefore making southern Somerset Island a separate island. Closer study of other photos of this area indicate that there is probably land between the two inlets and thus the southern section is not another island. No one has yet seen the area on foot. The northern part of Somerset Island is shown in the photos to have a well-defined river system, and fewer lakes than in the other central and western Arctic Islands.

The intricate, fiorded coastline of Baffin Island has taken over three centuries to map. Many of the coastal surveys did not have time to enter all of the hundreds of inlets and fiords which extend into the mountainous east and north coasts. The 1939 official map was the result of a great many expeditions each bringing back bits of information about certain sections. When one realizes that Baffin Island is as large as the province of Manitoba and has about 16,000 miles of coastline, one can visualize the problems of charting this coast by foot or even by small boat. It was not expected that this pre-war mapping was complete or entirely accurate. Although the air photos have confirmed this suspicion, they have also shown that many sections were surprisingly well-done.

In northern Baffin Island the late Canon John Turner reported in 1943 that Berlinquette Bay, at the south end of Admiralty Inlet, extended much farther west than mapped, and was separated from Bernier Bay by a narrow neck of low land. Air photos confirmed this fact, and illustrated the feasibility of this route for dog-team travel. Except for this narrow piece of land Brodeur Peninsula would be an island. Maps prepared for the Arctic Institute's 1950 expedition to the Barnes Ice-cap, west of River Clyde, have shown several more inlets in this section of the fiorded coast. Similar changes have been made in the detail of the coast south of Cape Dier and along the south side of Cumberland Sound.

Eastern Foxe Basin, or western Baffin Island, has been a little-known part of the southern Arctic. As recently as a decade ago parts of the coast and offshore islands were seen and mapped for the first time by T. H. Manning. Since the coast was low and shelving, with shallow water offshore, it was not surprising that aerial reconnaissance and photos have discovered several new, large, flat islands. The largest of these islands was discovered by the R.C.A.F. in 1948, and named Prince Charles Island when visited by a party from the federal Geographical Branch in 1949. Later research (published in the *Arctic Circular*, September 1950 and February 1951) has shown that the "newly-discovered" island was actually seen in 1932 by the captain of the *Ocean Eagle*, a federal Department of Transport vessel, and a map of his discovery had been forwarded to Ottawa, but never used.

The interesting mystery of whether the Spicer Islands, reported by Capt. Spicer, a whaler of the last century, actually existed was also solved by flights of the R.C.A.F. carrying officers of the federal Geodetic Survey. Several sea expeditions had failed to find the Spicers and there was doubt as to their existence until they were located in 1946 from the air, north of their reported position.

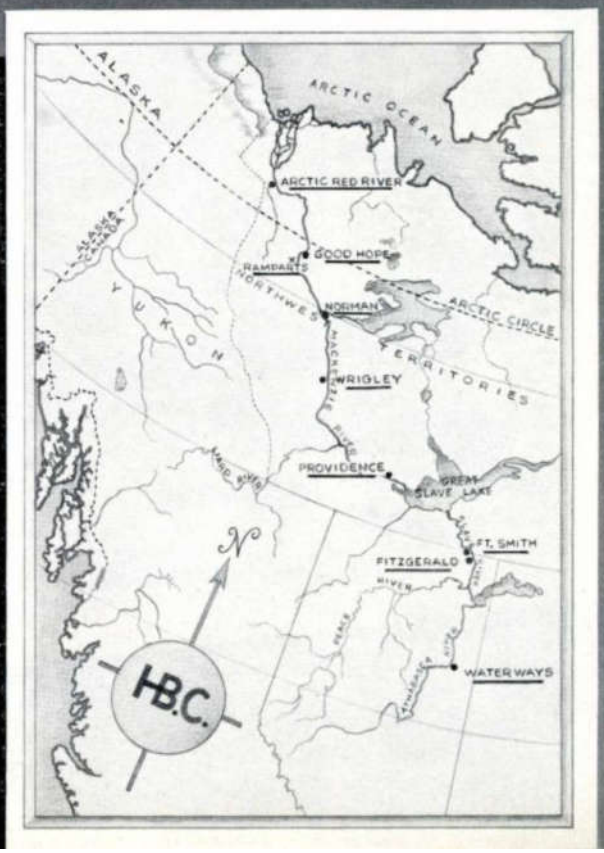
On the Arctic mainland of Canada no new land has been discovered, but for the first time the complicated drainage pattern of numerous rivers has been mapped. Much of the area north of the tree line has so many small, irregular-shaped lakes, that they almost defy accurate mapping without preparing maps of a scale larger than 8 miles to 1 inch.

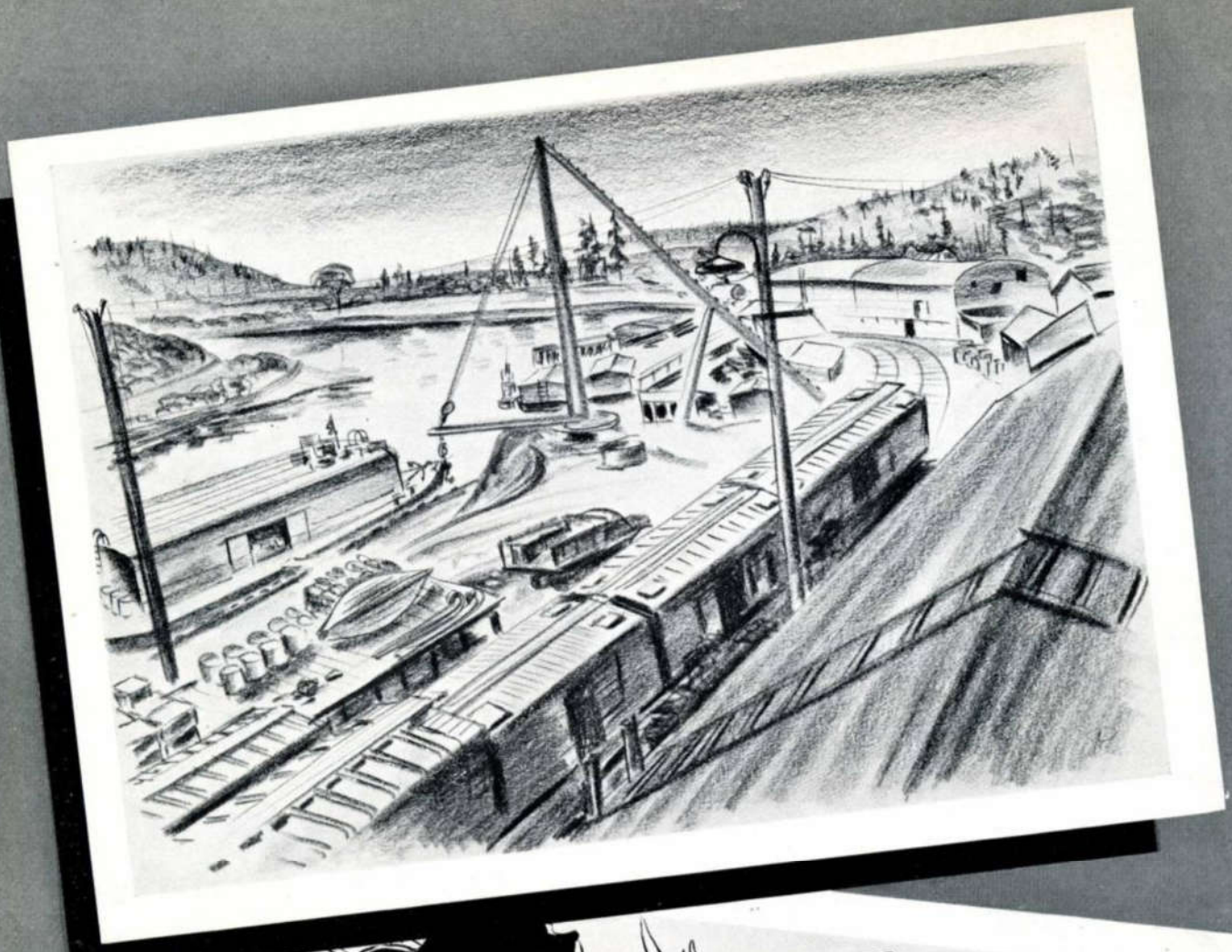
Some of the notable changes are due to more accurate positions, particularly longitudes, being obtained by modern air-transported surveyors. For example, the northern arm of Great Bear Lake is now mapped to extend farther west than formerly shown. This change in longitudal position increases the area of Canada's largest lake. Another change in longitude moves the tiny trading post at the mouth of Perry River to the westward. This shift moves the post out of Keewatin District and into Mackenzie District. Few posts have moved from one administrative district to another so easily! South of Perry River, an eastward change in longitude moves Pelly Lake, of Back River, entirely into Keewatin District.

The continental and island outlines on the map of Canada have taken shape slowly over the centuries. Many of the lines were obtained at great cost in men, ships and equipment. The place names on the map of Arctic Canada commemorate the work and hardships of the early explorers. Many of these names signify the thrill of first discovery—that intangible feeling of being the first white man to see and report "new land" for the map. Those days are over in Canada. The well-trained combination of good aircraft, fine cameras, skilled operators and careful pilots leaves little for the old-fashioned explorer. Although most of Canada has been photographed from the air, it is to be expected that low altitude photos will reveal still greater detail in the future. For the present, however, we can state that the shapes now appearing on new Canadian maps are essentially final. More accuracy is needed in fixing latitude and longitude positions on the ground, and some of the Arctic Islands may be moved slightly as the exact position of these new coastlines is more accurately determined. The new "explorers" are those people studying the new aerial photos. Although they may report, and complicated machinery will map, there is still left for the old school of explorers the satisfying experience of being first to set foot on that new land. There is much of Arctic Canada still untrodden. The mapping phase of Canadian geography is nearing completion—the descriptive phase of Arctic geography is just beginning. ◆

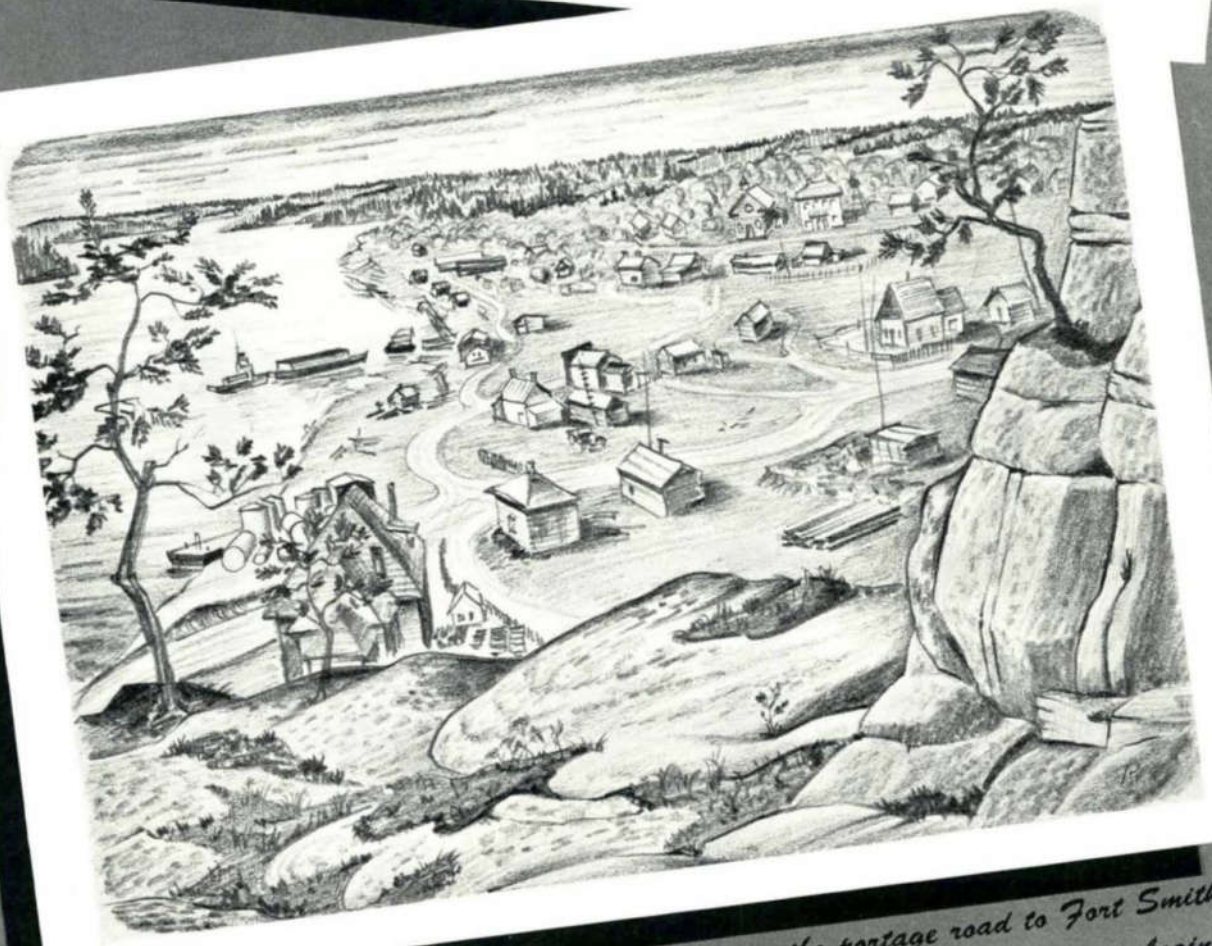
Pelican Rapids on the Slave River.

A MACKENZIE RIVER SKETCH BOOK by ART PRICE



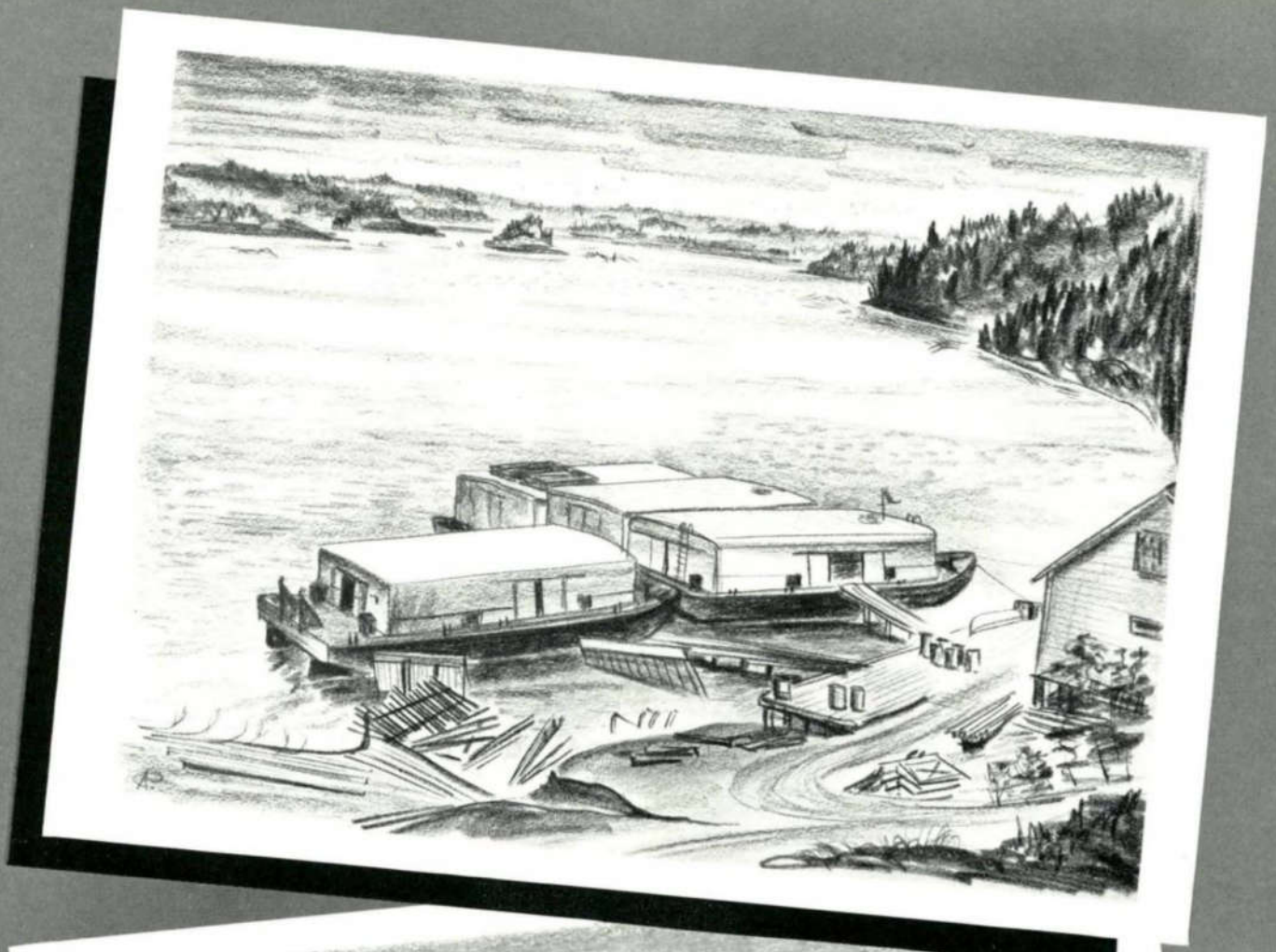


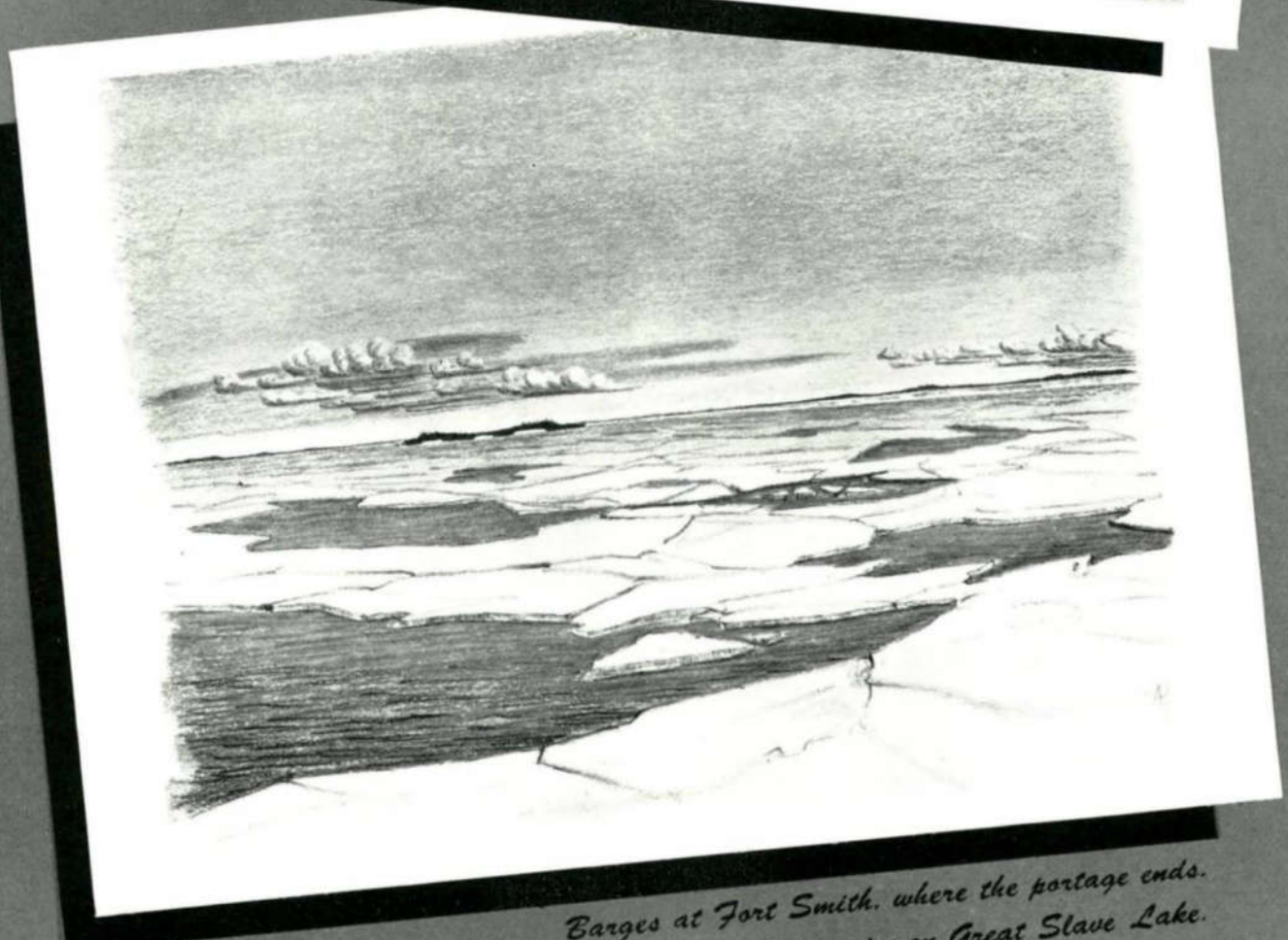
Docks at Waterways. head of navigation.
Athabasca sunset.



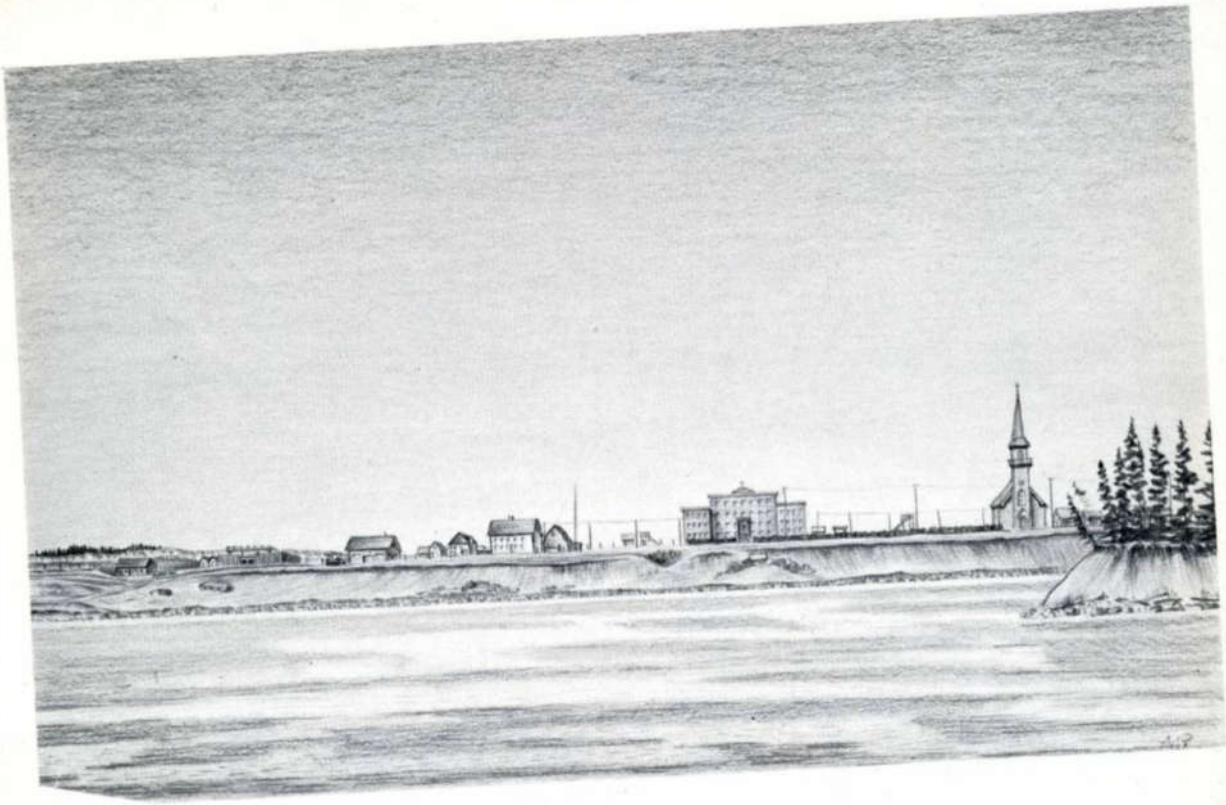
Jackpine on the portage road to Fort Smith.

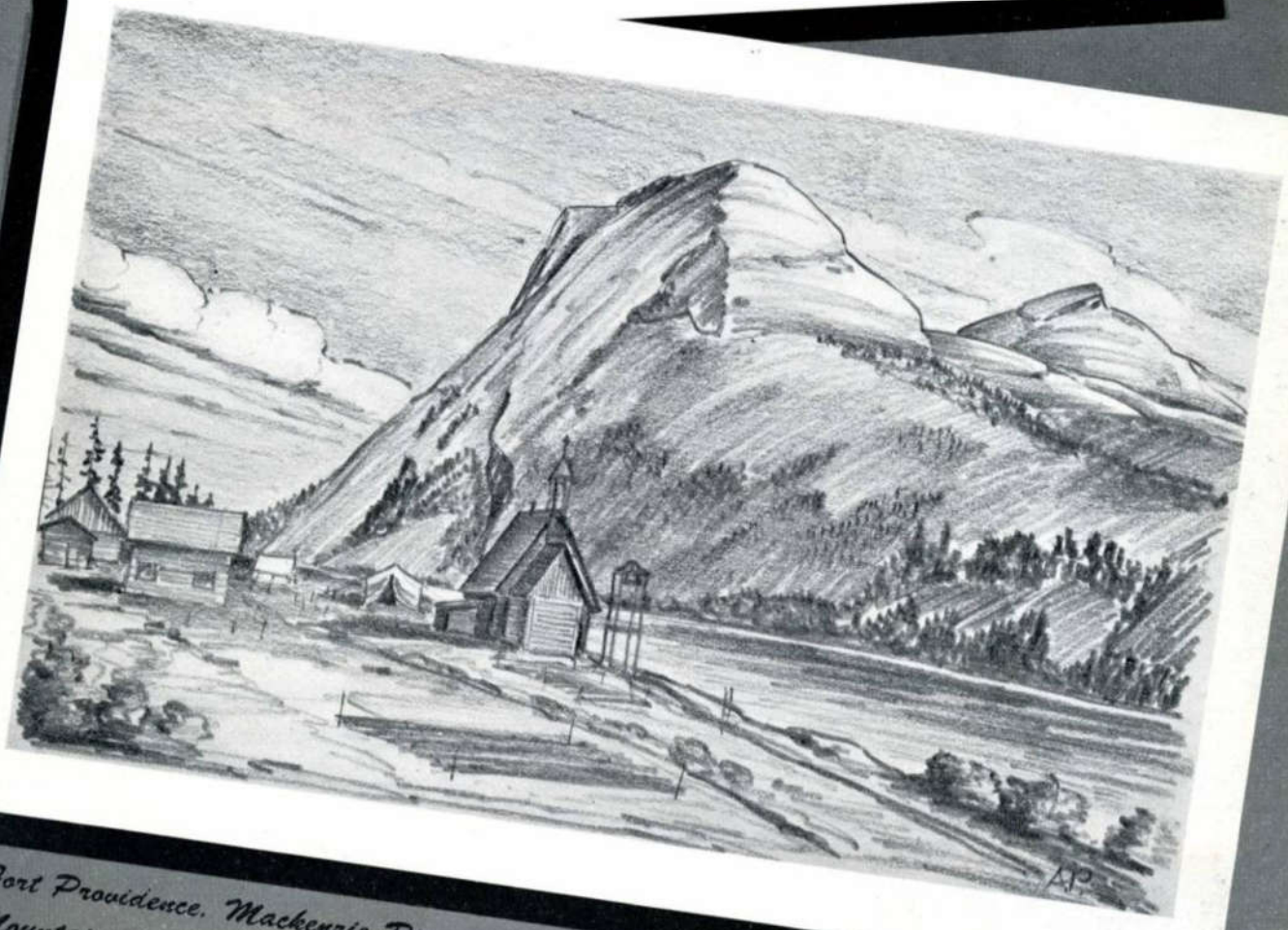
Fitzgerald, where the portage begins.



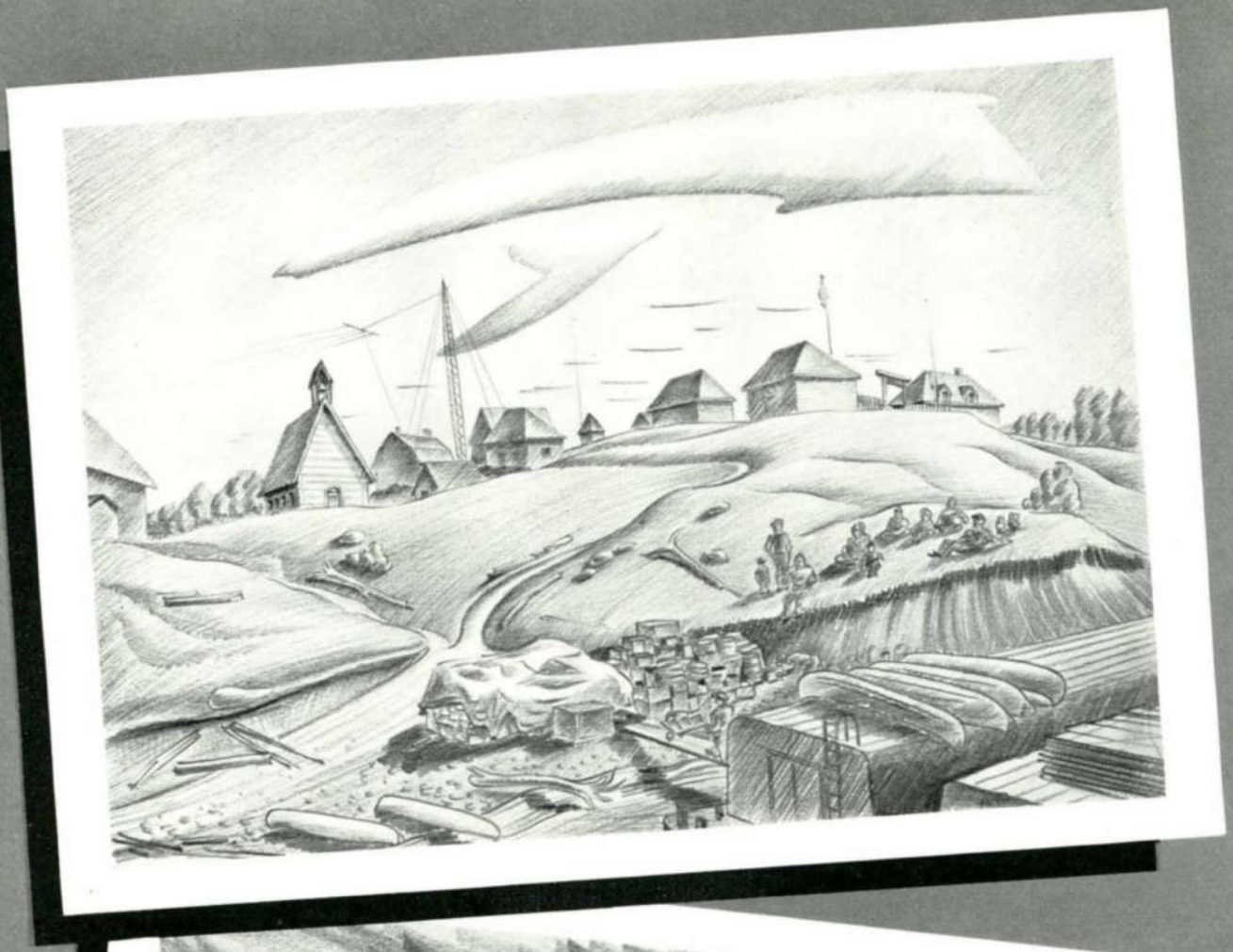


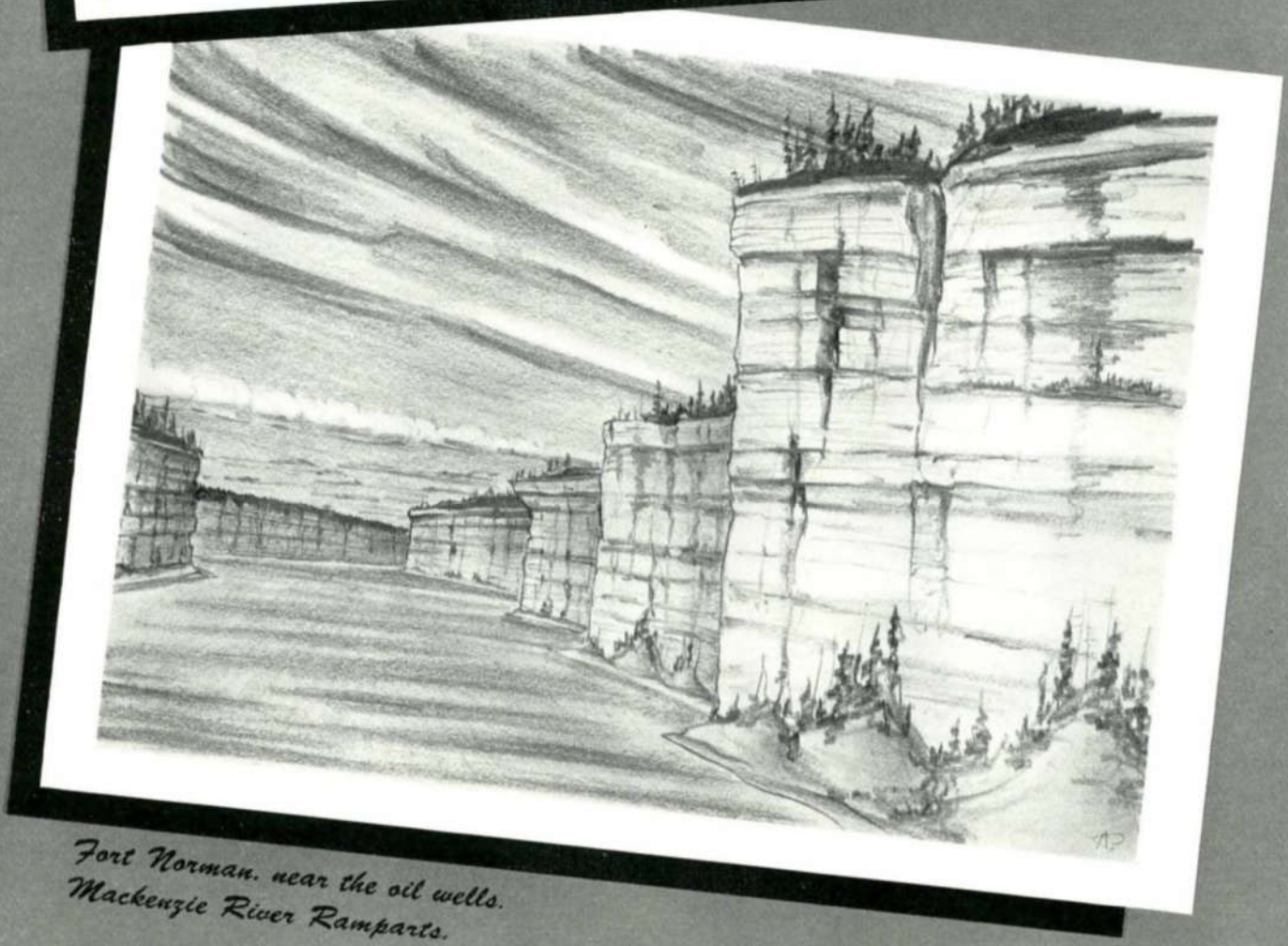
Barges at Fort Smith, where the portage ends.
Spring ice on Great Slave Lake.



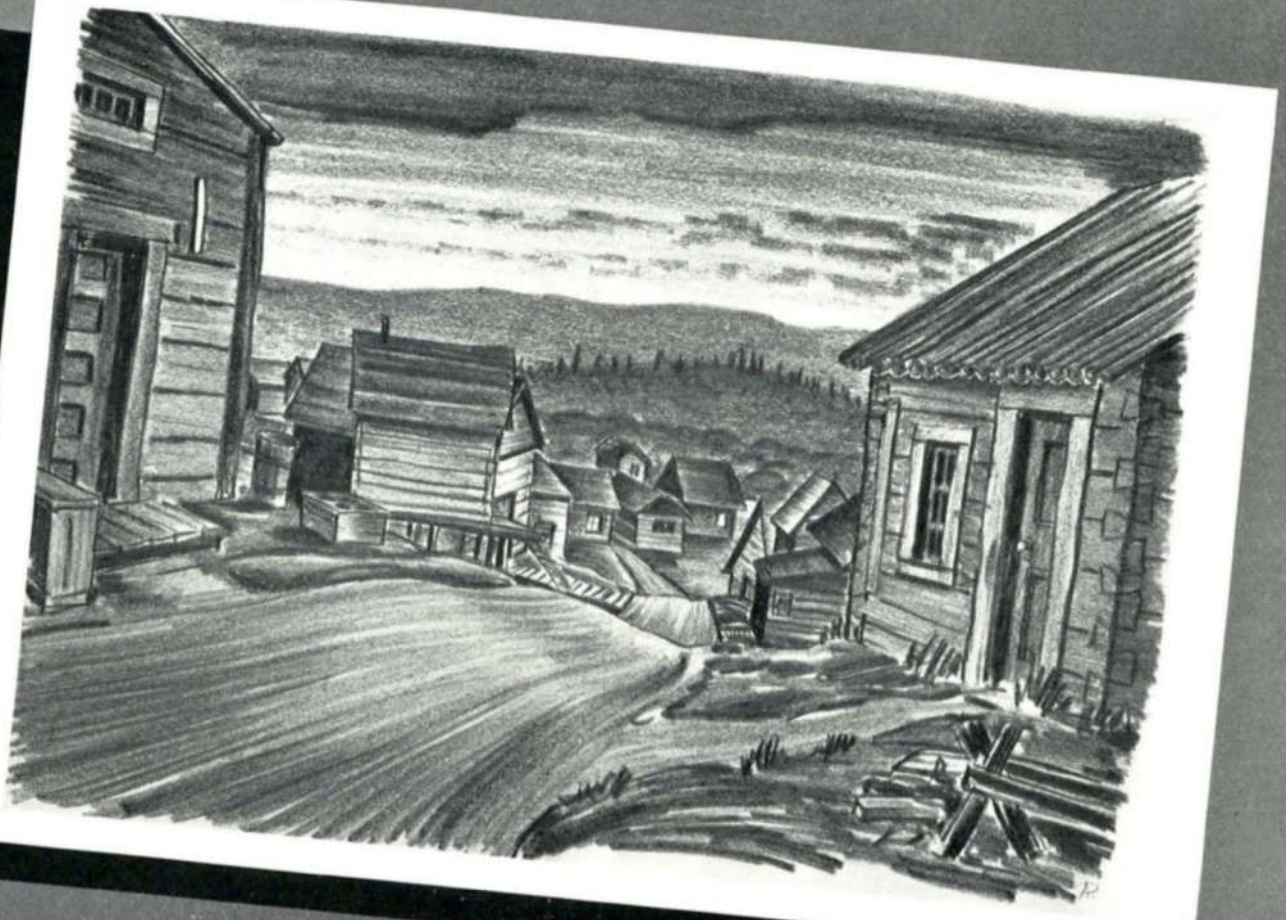


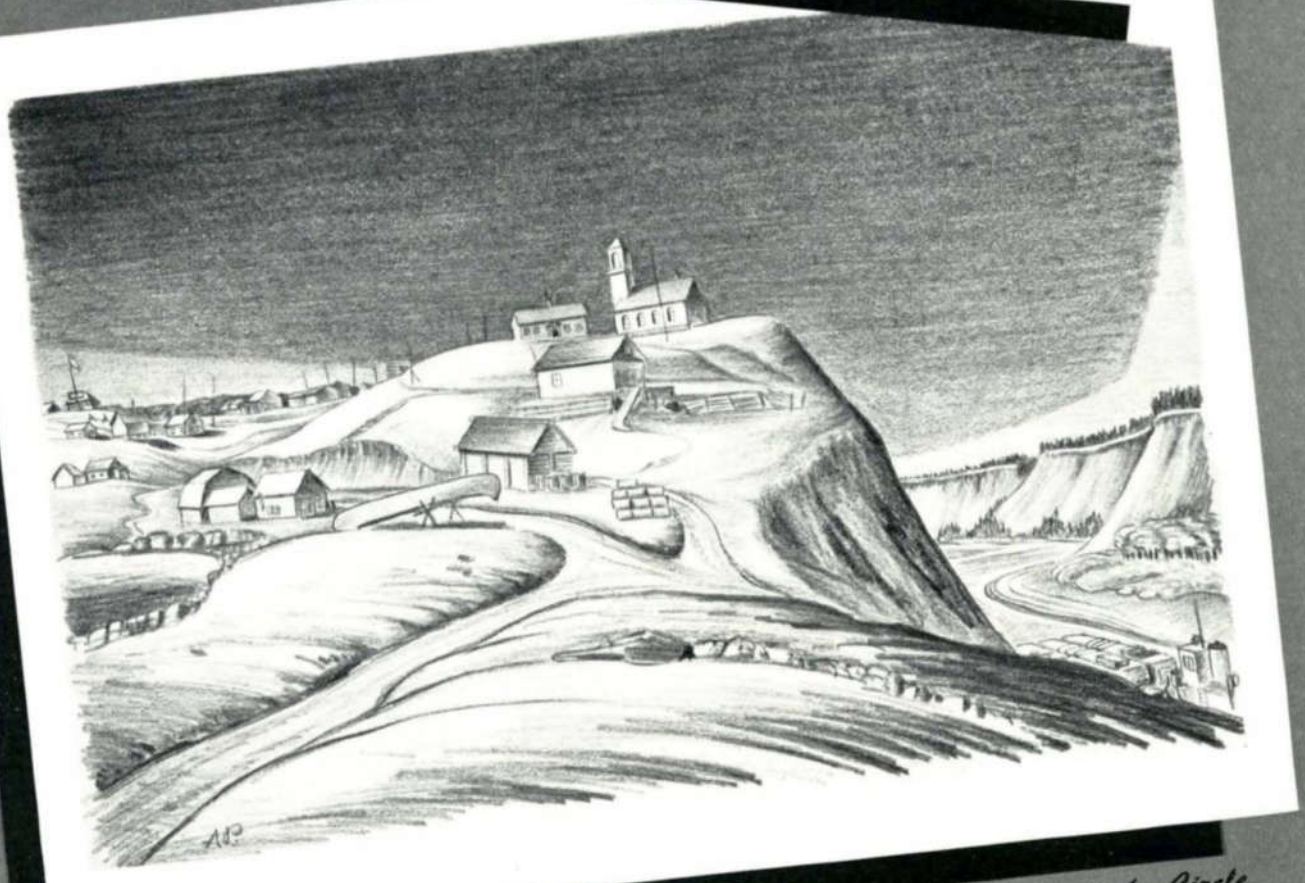
Fort Providence. Mackenzie River.
Mountains at Fort Wrigley.





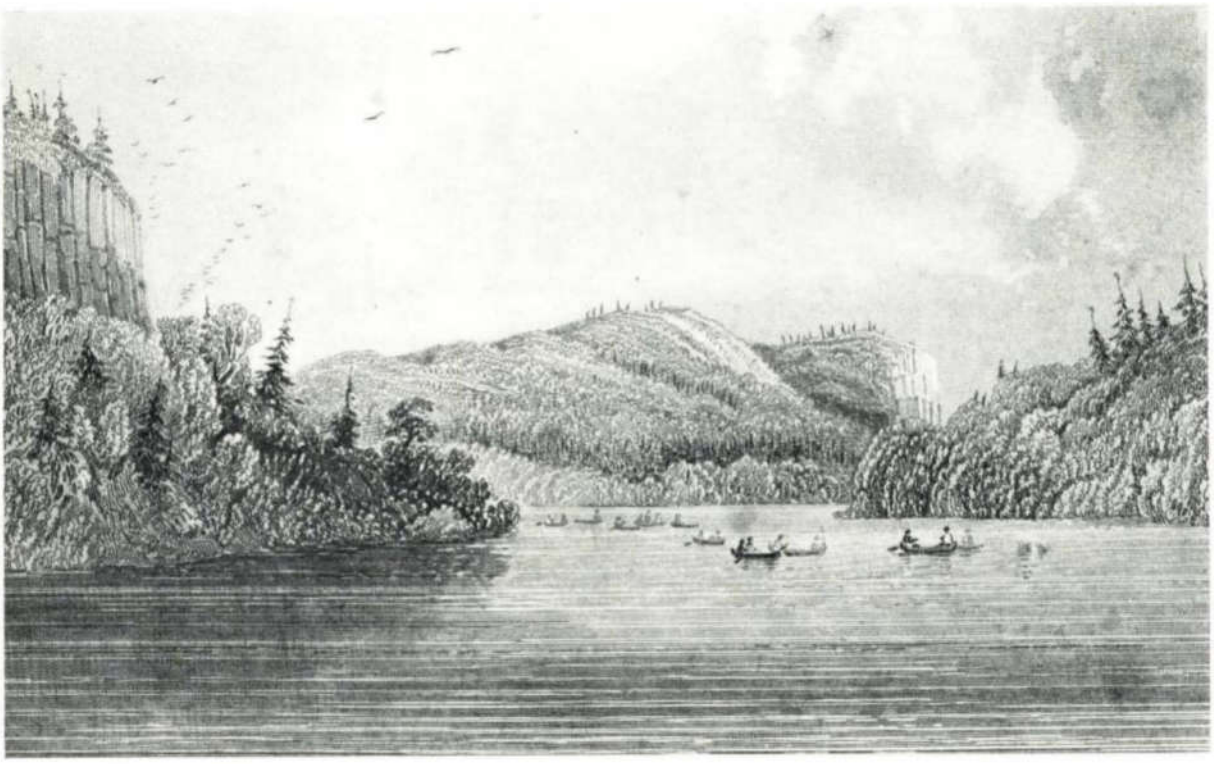
Fort Norman. near the oil wells.
Mackenzie River Ramparts.





Fort Good Hope. just south of the Circle.
Arctic Red River.

In the Mackenzie Delta.



An engraving of Lac Entredeux from Bigsby's "Shoe and Canoe" of 1850, which much resembles the beginning of Little Lake Vermilion.

BORDER CHIEFTAIN

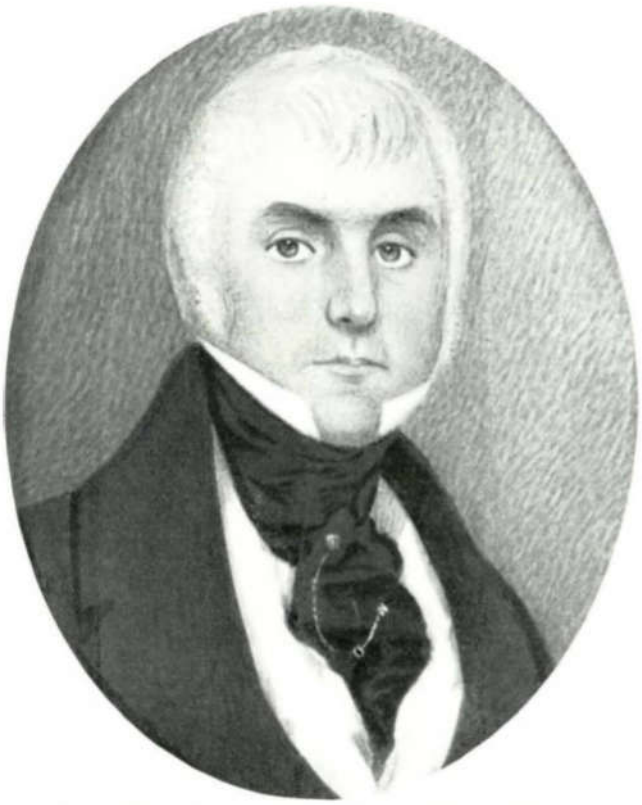
by Grace Lee Nute

Dr. John McLoughlin, of Oregon fame, spent almost twenty years fur trading along the present Minnesota-Ontario border.

MUCH has been written about Dr. John McLoughlin in Oregon, but his early career in the border country between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods has been neglected. Since he spent almost twenty of the best years of his life there, since his wife seems to have been reared there, and since his children were almost surely born there, it becomes necessary at the start to explain why there is this extraordinary gap in the record of such an important person. Three reasons can be given: (1) until 1821 he was in the employ of the North West Company, whose records have been largely lost; (2) for about half of his sojourn in the northern Minnesota country he had not yet become the chief executive in a large trading area and so may not have kept records or sent reports to his employers; and (3) there has been great uncertainty about the identity of the Vermilion Lake where he is known to have passed some of his early trading seasons. In addition to these reasons there is the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company had no posts in the Rainy River country from 1797 to 1816, the years which cover over half of McLoughlin's residence there. So one cannot turn for data on this man to the great repository of information on traders in much of northern North America, the archives of the Company.

John McLoughlin was born in Rivière du Loup, Canada, in 1784. During four and a half years of his youth he trained for a medical career with Dr. James Fisher, one of the most prominent physicians along the St. Lawrence River. In May 1803 McLoughlin was licensed to practise medicine, and must have left at once for the fur country; for his engagement to McTavish, Frobisher and Company "*pour aller au Nord-Ouest*" is dated April 23, 1803. In that document his residence is given as Terrebonne. A letter written by him from Fort William on July 1, 1808, confirms the belief that he left immediately for the Upper Country, for it mentions his five years already spent in the trade, including his "second year," which, he says, was the one in which the coalition between the X Y Company and the North West Company occurred. That union took place on November 5, 1804.

With 1805 his letters begin, written mostly from "Kaministiquia," that is, Fort William, the great inland entrepôt of the North West Company's trade. We know from his own remarks and those of other traders that every summer



John McLoughlin as a young man, from a miniature on ivory presented to the McLoughlin House in Oregon City by Mrs. George Deering, a great-granddaughter.
Courtesy McLoughlin Memorial Association.

his duties included medical services to the hundreds of traders and voyageurs who assembled at Fort William in July. After their departure, he also left for his wintering grounds. Just where he spent most of his winters from 1803 to 1822 has never been known with exactitude, though a clue is offered by the fact that one of his letters was written on March 22, 1812, from Vermilion Lake. Daniel Harmon's diary reveals that McLoughlin spent the winter of 1807-8 with him at Sturgeon Lake. There is a Sturgeon Lake west of Lake Nipigon, and Harmon's diary seems to show that he was within the Nipigon trading district. It also discloses that the physician watched over Harmon's rather baffling physical ailment. Other than these bits of information, little has appeared in print to indicate the location of McLoughlin's wintering posts.

Other data can be called upon, however, to show that in all likelihood he was at Lake Vermilion many of the winters from 1806 to 1822. This lake must not be confused with the very large body of water of the same name on the Vermilion Iron Range in northeastern Minnesota, many miles south of the international boundary lakes. For it is obvious from all fur traders' references to their "Lake Vermilion" that it was on the canoe route between Lake Superior and Rainy Lake, in the stretch between Lac La Croix and Rainy Lake. Today, southwest of Lac La Croix on that route is Little Lake Vermilion, long believed by many students of fur-trading days to have been the traders' Lake Vermilion, though certain physical facts were puzzling. Little Lake Vermilion is hardly more than a widening of a small river. Going west one canoes from Lac La Croix through Loon Lake, Little Lake Vermilion, Sand Point Lake, and Lake Namakan into Rainy Lake. Off to the southwest Crane Lake connects with Sand Point Lake by a rather narrow channel, but it was not on the canoe route proper. Remains of a fairly large fur-trading establishment have been found in recent years on the northwest side of Crane Lake.

If one takes the trouble to compare all the known accounts of canoe travel through the area just east and southeast of Rainy Lake, the inescapable conclusion is that Lake Vermilion of the traders and voyageurs was Sand Point Lake of today, with Little Lake Vermilion and Crane Lake perhaps included as bays by some travellers.

A manuscript account of the country between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods, penned about 1807 by McLoughlin himself, refers three times to Lake Vermilion. The title is, "The Indians from Fort William to Lake of the Woods." From internal evidence it is obvious that the manuscript was written at Lake Vermilion. The Vermilion Lake post was a subsidiary fort in that district from La Vérendrye's time onward. A manuscript map in French archives for the year 1740 shows it plainly. The earliest known North West Company diaries mention it. Hudson's Bay Company diaries for the Rainy Lake post refer to it during the years from 1793 to 1797, when Company forts were in the vicinity.

Records show McLoughlin accepting a North West Company post in the Lac La Pluie, or Rainy Lake district, in 1806. As already mentioned, McLoughlin spent the winter of 1807-8 on Sturgeon Lake. From his manuscript on the Indians between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods it is plain that he spent one winter between 1803 and 1806 on Lake Mille Lacs, a little south of Sturgeon Lake in the Nipigon district. His description of his immediate environment includes the name of his lake: "The climate is not colder than about Quebec and perhaps not so cold, on the 16th April we saw Bustards [Canada Geese] the 22nd all the snow was off the Ground the 4th May all the Ice broke up in Vermilion Lake, which is about ten leagues in length and four in breadth."

He mentions Vermilion Lake again in another place in the manuscript: "On the 8th April three of the principal [men] of Vermilion lake paid me a visit." This time he refers to it as "the lake, which by the by is eight leagues in length and from four to half a league in Breadth." But his ability to estimate distance was not above reproach. Sand Point Lake is about eight *miles* long.

Whether he estimates Lake Vermilion in leagues or in miles, it is obvious that he could not be referring to present-day Loon Lake, as some persons have thought. That lake is very small. Nor, apparently, could he be referring to Little Lake Vermilion, which nowhere is four miles in breadth, not to mention four leagues.

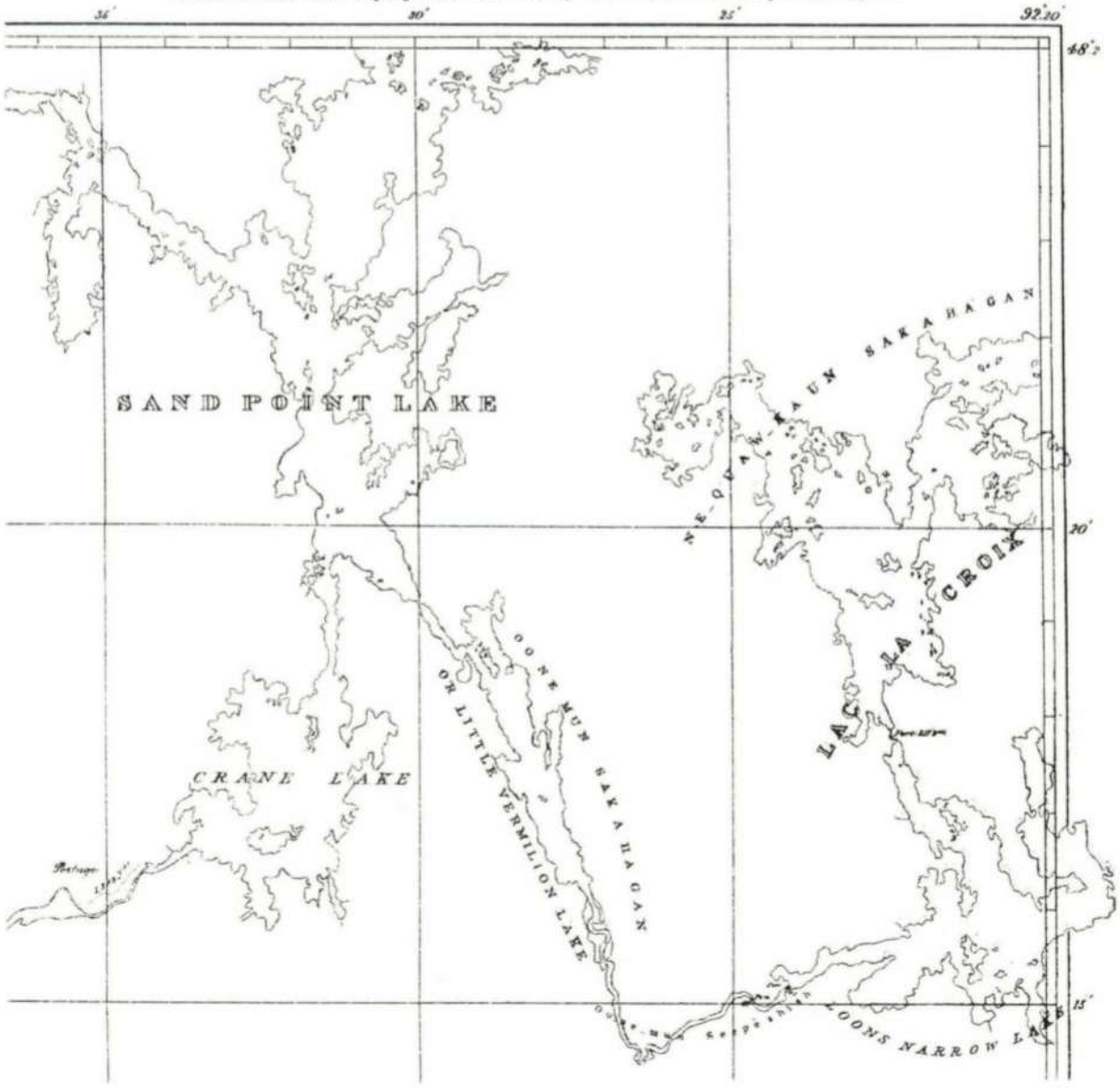
After 1808 the next reference to McLoughlin's whereabouts comes from John Tanner, the white man who, stolen as a boy from an Ohio River cabin about 1789, had been reared by Indians in the country between Lake of

the Woods and Lake Superior. In his reminiscences he refers to Dr. McLoughlin just after mentioning the War of 1812 and the arrival of the Red River settlers, but before referring to the Battle of Seven Oaks in 1816. Tanner was ill at the time and "Dr. M'Laughlin, a trader at Rainy Lake, hearing of my situation, sent Mr. Tace [J. W. Dease], with instructions to take me to his house, at White Fish Lake," a part of Lake of the Woods. The next spring, after being ship-wrecked in ascending Rainy River, "we reached the trading-house of Dr. M'Laughlin, at Rainy Lake," he goes on. "This gentleman gave me a room in his house, where my children took care of me for some time. Every thing necessary was furnished me, and the Doctor would have me remain with him a year; but I felt lonely and dissatisfied, and determined on going back to the Lake of the Woods, where my wife was."

In 1814 Dr. McLoughlin, as a partner of the North West Company, was put in charge of the Rainy Lake district. The next year Colin Robertson writes in his diary, while travelling by the canoe route to Selkirk's colony, that on July 6 he was at "Lac La Pluie" and was invited into the North West Company's fort by Dr. McLoughlin. J. W. Dease was the trader's clerk at that time, according to Robertson. Tanner's spelling of "Dease" as "Tace" shows that that trader's name was pronounced with a long "A," just as "McGloglin" and its variants, as written in travel narratives and diaries, reveals how McLoughlin pronounced his own name.

During the devastating struggle between the men of the Hudson's Bay Company and those of the North West Company between 1815 and 1819, the Rainy Lake trading district and the country clear down to Fond du Lac at the west end of Lake Superior was the arena of warring partisans. The Rainy Lake post was captured and recaptured. McLoughlin was at Fort William much of the time, however. In fact, Ross Cox, arriving on August 16, 1817, mentions "the Doctor's residence," and the fact that at table with him in the great hall was, among others, "Doctor M'Loughlin, the doctor having two shares in consequence of long services, and being resident physician at the Fort."

This reproduction of part of David Thompson's map shows the position of Sand Point Lake, which was evidently McLoughlin's Vermilion Lake. The map agrees almost exactly with a modern air map of the region.

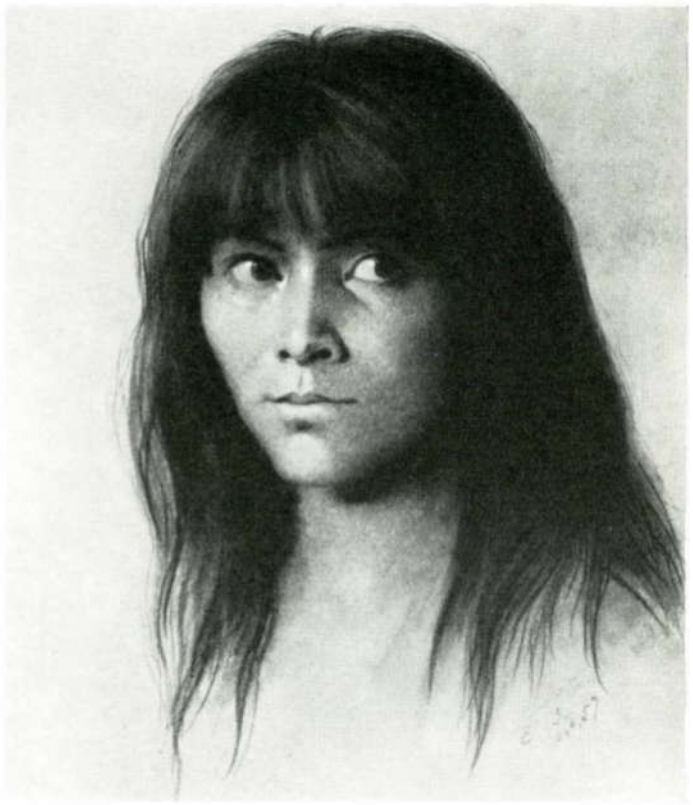


However, we know that the doctor was captured there by Lord Selkirk in the summer of 1816 and taken as a captive with others to Canada. We also know that the canoe in which he was travelling to Sault Ste. Marie swamped on the northeastern shore of Lake Superior, nine men were drowned, and McLoughlin was taken out of the water apparently lifeless. Nicholas Garry was told all this by the doctor himself aboard the *Amity* en route to New York from London in April, 1821.

After McLoughlin became a trader for the re-organized Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, his story is well known. However, few persons have ever used his manuscript descriptions of his trading area, which may be found in his fine reports to the Company in the early 1820's. A comparison of these with his earlier account of the same region is illuminating, not only for light thrown on an obscure area, but also for evidence therein of growth in character and tolerance, as well as humanity, in the physician-trader.

In the early essay, after describing the physical aspects of the region, including "the banks and Vicinities of Rainy lake River," and listing the animals and birds, the trees, the shrubs, and the minerals, he goes on to devote the remainder of his essay to "the Saulteu or OChi-pi-way Nation." His account is not flattering to the Chippewa and reveals not a little intolerance and lack of humanity in the young author. "They are full of pride, Conceit and Vanity which they hide in their intercourse with Europeans by gravity and distant formal behaviour," he writes, adding that in native eyes "no man is equal to an Indian no Accomplishment equal to skill in hunting." According to him the natives were ignorant, credulous, gullible, revengeful, cruel, superstitious, and utilitarian even in their kindnesses. They even derived their belief in a divinity from contacts with the early French missionaries! Then he discusses in some detail their religious practices, their home life, their customs, their food, and their harvesting and use of wild rice.

Some fifteen years later, as Chief Factor of the Lac La Pluie District of the Hudson's Bay Company, his attitude was quite different. Then he wrote a report of his district for the year 1822-23 that reveals a far more mellow and tolerant personality. He writes: "We used to have a post at Vermilion Lake (but knowing it to be a place where there is no rice, as this year, that Whites and natives starve, and the Indians make no hunts)," he had concluded to give it up anyway, when American traders arrived to set up competition, "Vermilion Lake being considered American Territory." This was the period of investigation by experts for both Great Britain and the United States, charged with endeavoring to settle the boundary dispute for the area between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods. Sand Point Lake was one of the questionable bodies of water, for a more northerly lake, Lake Namakan, connecting Rainy Lake directly with Lac La Croix, was often used in preference to the Loon Lake-Little Vermilion Lake-Sand Point Lake route between Lac La Croix and Rainy Lake. The treaty of 1783, which the experts were



Ojibway Indian of Northern Minnesota, drawn in 1857 by Eastman Johnson. Courtesy St. Louis County Hist. Socy.

trying to follow and interpret in the dispute, stated that the boundary line was to follow the usual water communication between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods. The Americans professed to believe that Lake Namakan was the usual water route for the traders, for thereby they would gain for the United States several lakes and many square miles of territory.

McLoughlin in his report of 1822-23 describes the region in detail and devotes much space to the Indians. By this time each native was an individual to him, whom he could designate as a good or poor hunter, as honest or otherwise. Wild rice was still their mainstay, and traders, too, found it advantageous: "I got in 1814-5 about four hundred Bushels of Rice" from Lake of the Woods, writes McLoughlin, and "when Rice fails we never have any hunts of consequence."

"The Indians of this District have lost a good deal of that Bold independent Spirit which characterized the Sauteux nation of which they are a Tribe. This has been caused by the Competition amongst the Traders who were in the habit of encouraging the Indians to defraud their Creditors. Yet there are many who will not cheat their Traders and spoil, as they term it, their Body." Then, most paternally and with not a little pride, he describes every man in his service, both white and breed, and generalizes: "As to the conduct of the companys servants in the district last winter I am entirely satisfied with it. Every one did their Best."

For 1823 the accounts of the big doctor, already becoming the monarch of a wild region, are numerous, because so many boundary commissioners or agents of the English

and American governments passed along the ancient trade route that year. Without exception the comments on McLoughlin are favourable. Most of them can be read in the printed accounts of the travellers—Dr. John Bigsby's Major Joseph Delafield's, William H. Keating's, and others'—but Major Stephen M. Long's account is still in his little brown manuscript diary and has never been published. He wrote on September 2, at the Lac La Pluie post, "Sometime after dark, Dr. McGloughlin arrived from York Factory, having been sent to this post, to take charge of it in behalf of the Company as Superintendent. The deportment of this gentleman at the short interview we had with him this morning was calculated to leave in our minds the most favourable impressions as to his humanity, and hospitality." Thereupon Long recounts in some detail the story of McLoughlin's care of Tanner, who shortly before, on his way out to civilization, had been nearly killed just beyond Long's post. For almost a year, as Tanner himself relates, McLoughlin personally cared for the apparent Indian at his fort, "though he knew that the success of his post in the winter's trade, must be injured by the measure." Then McLoughlin arranged Tanner's passage to Sault Ste. Marie, where, as interpreter, Tanner spent most of the remainder of his life. His praise for McLoughlin is loud and eloquent.

It is possible that McLoughlin made his winter home at Lake Vermilion long after he was put in charge of the Rainy Lake fort in 1814. All known references to him, including those of the early missionaries like Pierre Antoine Tabeau in 1818 and Joseph Crevier in 1820, are to summer encounters with him. This possibility is strengthened by an entry in the Minutes of Council of the Company's Northern Department for July 5, 1823, when it was resolved: "That John McLaughlin fix his winter residence at Lac La Pluie."

Probably, therefore, his family had been living all along at the Lake Vermilion post. We know that sometime prior to 1813 and presumably in 1811 he married Marguerite Wadin, or Waden. Marguerite's father was Jean Etienne Wadin, or Waden, a Swiss Protestant trader, who after 1772 was in the Grand Portage trading area. He was killed some ten years later in conflict with Peter Pond or one of his men. Marguerite was born about 1775, for her tombstone states that she was 85 years of age at the time of her death on February 28, 1860. Her first husband, Alexander McKay, a well known trader, died in 1811, leaving children by her. By McLoughlin she had at least three children, Eloisa, Eliza, and John. She also raised Joseph, a son of McLoughlin's by an earlier union with another native woman. Joseph died in 1848, aged thirty-eight years.

It was in 1824 that the White Headed Eagle—as the doctor with his great mane of white hair came to be called by the Indians—left the Rainy Lake district and went to a new and much publicized life in Oregon. There, little if anything was known of his long service in the region between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods. As the eventful years passed in his new home, he probably mentioned his earlier residence less and less frequently, and finally it was practically forgotten until modern scholarship began to interest itself in the man. ◆

An engraving of Bigsby's sketch of Lac La Croix as it appeared during his visit of 1823.

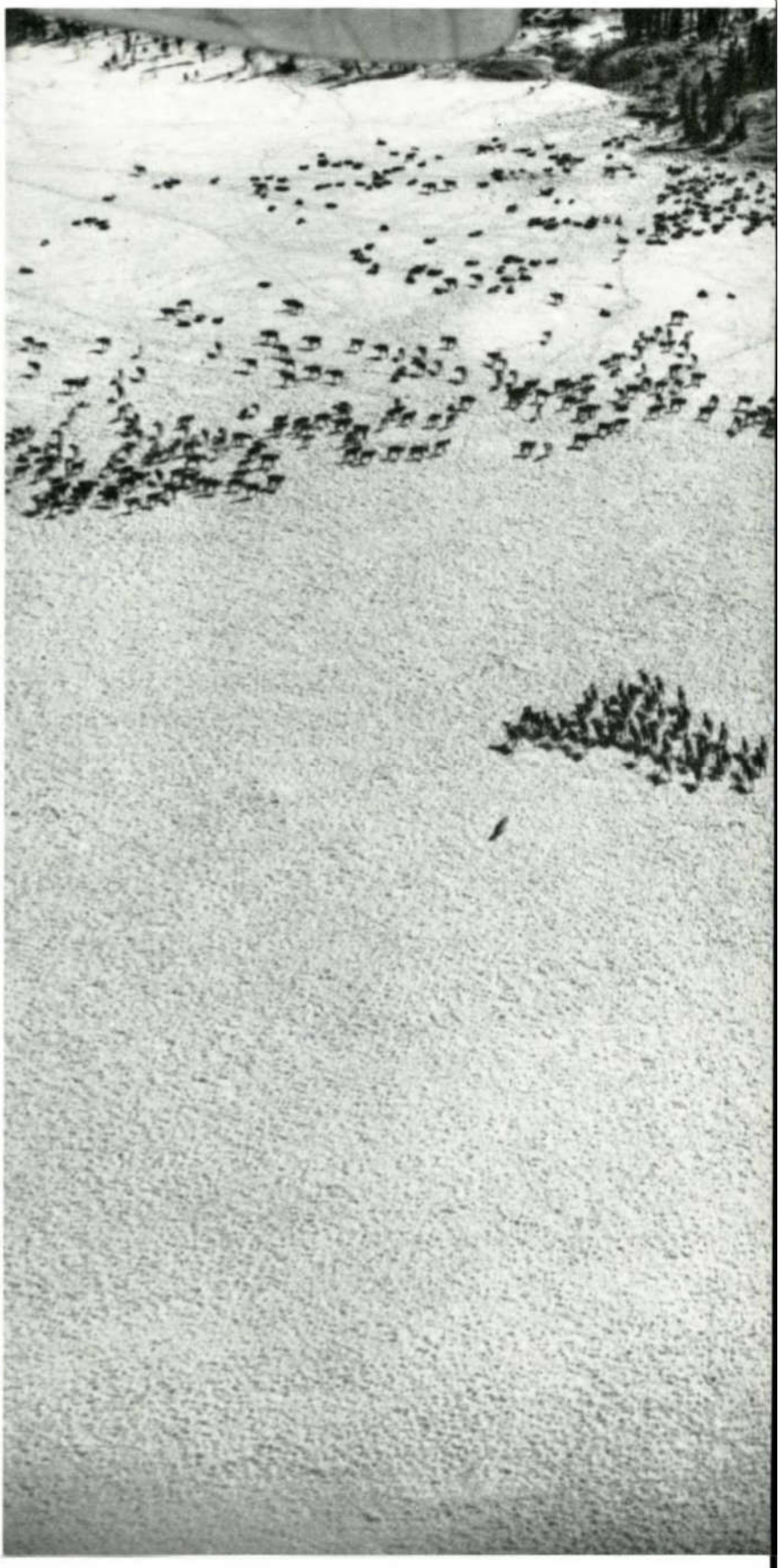
The WOLF and the CARIBOU

Photo and Story
by A. W. F. Banfield

THIS photograph was taken over Ghost Lake, about a hundred miles north of Yellowknife, one day in April. At this season the barren ground caribou abandon their winter feeding grounds, and migrate in massed columns along the frozen waterways towards their summer range on the Arctic tundra. On sunny afternoons during this trek they may be seen resting on the frozen lakes. Accompanying them are packs of wolves, which have followed the herds all winter, preying upon those animals which are less alert or less speedy.

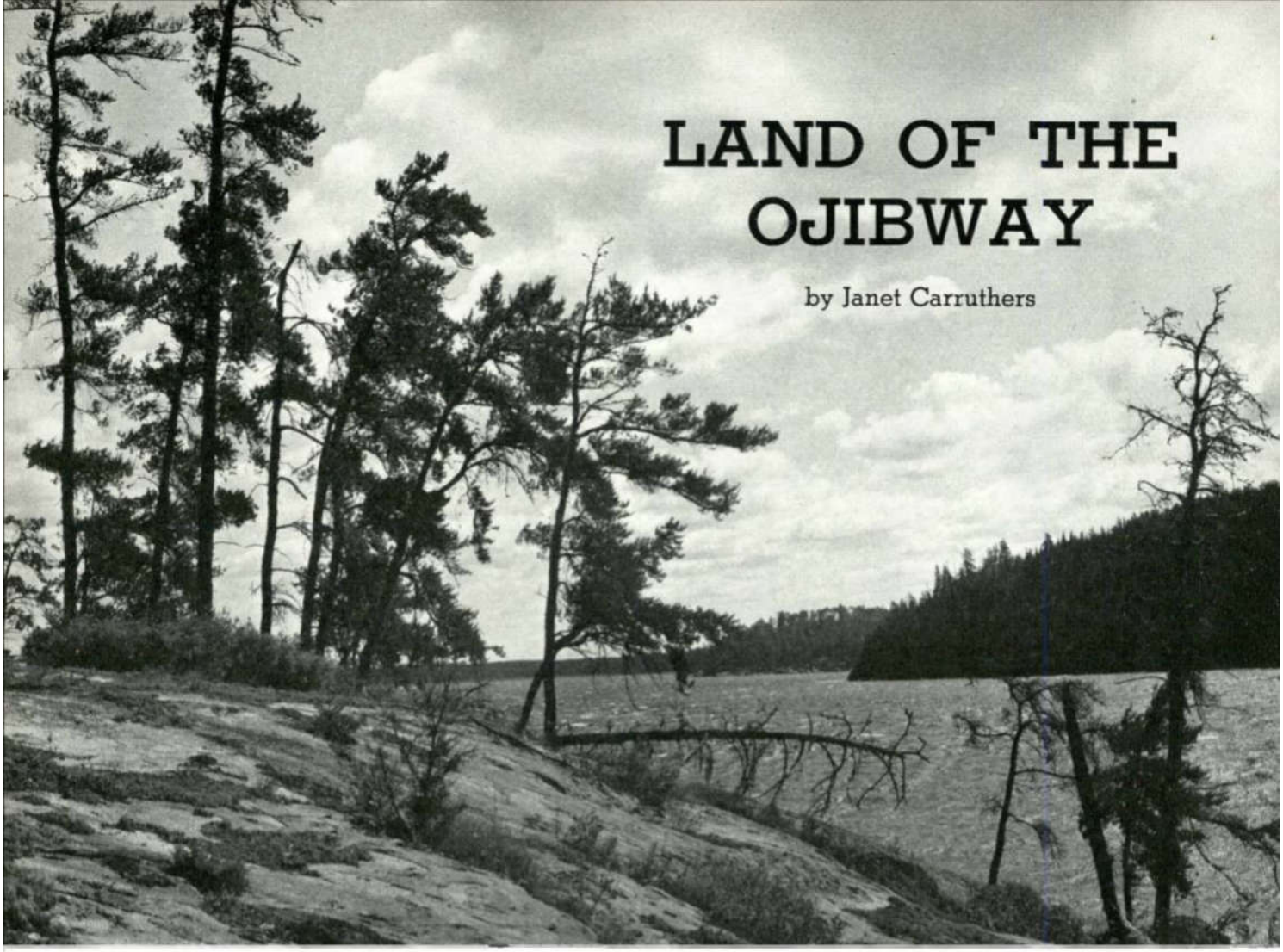
In the picture, the wolf is the charging figure just below the extreme left of the group in the middle distance, on this page. Directly ahead of it, a tight knot of about forty caribou may be seen—each animal straining to outdistance the wolf. To the right other caribou are circling behind the course of the chase, while still others stand watching from the flank. Ahead of the action, some are standing, watching the approaching pursuit, while behind them others are still lying undisturbed on the snow-covered ice.

It is interesting to note that there are no signs of co-operation among the caribou, nor indications of panic among those animals not in immediate danger. Each is acting alone, apparently feeling a sense of individual security in such a large herd. How different would be the actions of a herd of musk oxen under a similar wolf attack! ◆



LAND OF THE OJIBWAY

by Janet Carruthers



Typical Lake of the Woods country—jackpine, spruce, and Pre-cambrian rock. R. Harrington

THIS is the land of the Ojibway—the land of woods and waters where the Ojibway Indian makes his home. It is a poet's, an artist's country. Every time I travel its byways I am recaptivated by its charm.

It is called Lake-of-the-Woods—aptly, for some fifteen thousand wooded islands dot the waters. Dipping into Manitoba and Minnesota the lake pushes itself like a silver gem into the pine forests of the north, opening the door to another world. Places on its rugged shore-line such as Kenora, Minaki, Sioux Narrows, Nestor Falls, flame with the colours of tourist glamour; but the heart of the land is lonely. Only the sounds of nature disturb the quiet of the Ojibway country. His tiny villages tucked in sheltering bays and on wooded points make scarcely a flutter of habitation on this five thousand square miles of land and water.

The Ojibway is aware of his heritage. One of the chiefs, speaking at the signing of the Northwest Angle Treaty in 1873 said: "The sound of the rustling of the gold is under my feet where I stand; we have a rich country; it is the Great Spirit who gave us this; where we stand upon is the Indians' property, and belongs to them."

The Ojibway is a resourceful fellow. He is kindly and takes life leisurely. In his spirit there is that surge of freedom which comes from living close to the clean, clear heart of nature. Although civilization has brushed his frontiers it has made little impression on his way of living, nor has it robbed him of the ingenuity that means survival against primitive odds.

In everything he reflects his nearness to the springs of life, his oneness with the land in which he lives. In many instances he maintains the custom of naming his child after the first object seen by the mother after the baby's birth. So, *Kesick*, the Ojibway word for sky with its variations, *Anji Kesick*, changing sky, and *Mesho Kesick*, red sky, are common names. *Pinesse*, bird, *Ahtaig*, crow, *Ogish-see-man*, kingfisher, have winged over many camping grounds leaving names to newborn Ojibways. Then there is Falling Hail and Flying Snow. As they make their way into the outer world these little folk's names will become anglicized, but there is something naive about them, kin to this land in which they live.

A greater part of the baby's first year is spent in a *tickhenaghen* or moss bag (Indian cradle). It is made from

a board a couple of feet or so long with a piece of cloth tacked over the top, pocket fashion. Elaborate bead work is often done on the material and there is a laced opening in front so that the baby can be tucked in comfortably. There is a wooden hoop over the top in front. Should the cradle fall forward the hoop acts as a buffer protecting the child from face injury. It also supports mosquito netting or a cloth screen for an eye shade.

The *tickhenaghen* has many advantages. It gives the child good posture; it can be hung from the branch of a tree where the wind will sing a lullaby. Tramping through the bush, it is slung on the mother's shoulders, leaving her hands free to clear the way and to keep junior safe and give him a good view. Formerly moss was collected, softened by rubbing in the hands, then packed between the child's legs to serve as diapers. It was easily procured and changed and its use obviated laundry and the toting of superfluous luggage.

House-building is no problem here. Cedar is plentiful on the islands. From a convenient stand the Ojibway hews, trims and builds a substantial cabin. With less effort a summer home may be built with birch-bark. The bark is stripped from the tree in wide sheets, then bent over a frame-work of saplings. This tent-like building is light and airy, the bark is easily taken down, loaded into a canoe and transported to another camping-ground.

A canoe is a necessity on the lake. It also used to be built of birch-bark. The Ojibway's product is light and seaworthy for he is a skilled craftsman. Indeed, early in life he learns the intricacies of boat-building and "seamanship." Canoe loaded with family and household belongings, he glides along these waterways, making a picture that truly belongs in his country. No navigator of the seven seas moved with greater grace, no mariner ever crossed the ocean with more nobility of spirit.

A succession of nature's harvests gives our friend a reasonable living. Spring musk-ratting is followed by blueberry picking, and wild rice gathering. True, there may be lean harvests but employment can be got in lumber-camps and a catch of fish from the lake is usually sure.

When winter comes our friend shoulders traps and goes off into the frosty silence of the woods. There is no trail, only the writing of furry feet on the wind carved snow. But the blasted pine, the bent sapling or the rocks where the snowshoe rabbit cowers will guide him across the drifts.

At night he is at home in the starry heavens. He calls the constellations by names that are alien to astronomers or the texts, but they answer his need and he does not reckon their distance in miles. They are his partners, they tell him the wind and weather that is to be and set guide-posts through the lonely miles.

And not once, but many times on a starless night have I been indebted to an Ojibway lad whose unerring feet led through the black darkness of bush to some lonely cabin. What he saw to guide him I never knew, but the frost-laden wind and drifting shadows told a story that he alone could read. Yes, this is his world! Their Chief spoke truly, "It belongs to us."

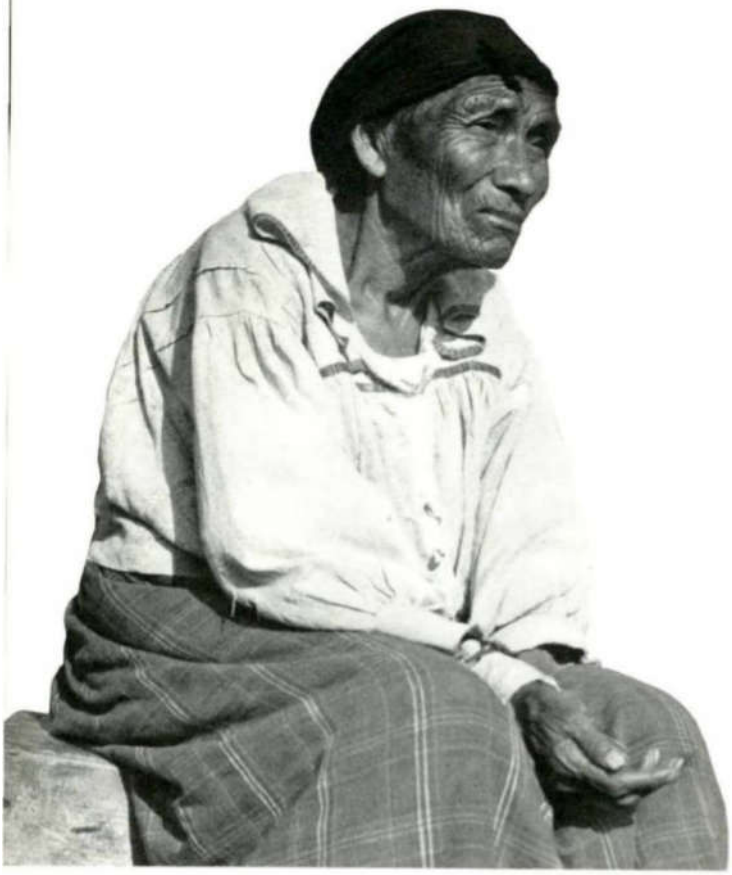
The baby sits up in her tickhenaghen to munch on a biscuit.
C. N. Stephen

When spring comes throbbing back to his hinterland he gathers his winter's trap-yield, fox, mink, maybe skunk, totes the pelts fifty odd miles to market, takes what the trader offers and goes his unhurried way.

In summer we find his good lady tanning a choice hide she has kept. From it she will make jackets or moccasins adding a decoration of beads in attractive colour and design. If necessary she can snare a deer expertly and will spend hours curing the skin, then rubbing it with her hands in the cold water of the lake to bleach it white for fancier foot-gear.

Many of the Ojibway's ills are still taken care of by the medicine-man, and the medicine-man should not be entirely discounted nor should he be confused with philanderers and quacks who exploit the innocent with mystics and charms. Knowledge of healing qualities of plants has come to him from far back in his race. Long before sali-

Framework of an Ojibway shelter made of birch saplings.



This old woman has seen many changes come to the land of the Ojibways—but the land itself remains much the same. R. Harrington

cylates were listed in a scientific pharmacopoeia he knew the medicinal value of willow-bark. The cough medicine he brews, the poultices and liniments he makes from pine needles, and the infusions he concocts from hepatica, sarsaparilla root and winter-green are all ancestors of our store-dispensed medicine. It was from an Indian I first learned that juniper-berry tea was an antidote for vomiting, and it was an Ojibway medicine man who many years ago assured me that his patient "was all right," when I expressed misgiving as I watched her frisking over the rocks with an armful of wood when her baby was just a day old.

Scraping a moosehide with an iron implement. Ralph Cash

Our "medical friend's" manner is genial, he plies his practice with sincerity, taking payment in kind—cloth, tobacco, moosemeat, wild rice or what have you? That makes doctors' bills easy to negotiate.

There are gala days in the land when the woods resound with the drum-beat, and old and young gather to dance and jig with the abandon of a care-free people. The Indian throws body and spirit into his merry-making. On most reserves large log dance houses are built, a place railed off in the centre of the earth floor for the drummers. There is a variety of dances but the best known is the ordinary pow-wow which is open to all. Visitors may participate if they can.

It was Nick, a neighbourly Indian who canoed us across the Snowshoe to our first pow-wow. A great fire had been built on the point beyond so the jut of land was ablaze with light and the pine forest made a magnificent back-drop for the two-hundred-odd revellers.

As we drew close, the beat of the drum grew louder, throbbing through bush and tree until the very earth seemed to pulsate beneath our feet. The pow-wow was in progress.

The men were mostly coatless, their red shirts, with the red, green and purple dresses the women wore; and a half dozen feather-costumes made a riot of colour that would have shamed a modiste's Easter show. The dancers moved rhythmically with the beating tom-tom, balancing and jiggling their bodies on one foot then the other with a step forward between. Two beats and a pause, two beats and a pause. Every muscle was brought into harmony. Steps were precise, moccasined feet fell lightly.

Three men, heads nodding to the rhythm, sat beneath a tree beating out the unvarying drum tempo, singing (rather wailing) a weird crescendo. Every fourth beat was struck louder, the crowd joined in the wail.

Later we saw a rabbit-dance. A slim young Indian came from the bush wearing a feather head-dress and a fringed skin-coat. The head-dress was white. The quills streamed majestically backward as he stepped into the circle, fur-covered hoop in hand. He started with the drum-beat, running, hopping, leaping, scraping, stiffening a shoulder, slipping through the hoop with a grace that was fantastic. The elegance and speed of his movements were delightful. It was sleight of anatomy marvellous to the eye, a forest ballet tuned to forest music.

The rabbit-dance is a remembrance dance. It perpetuates the time, so the story goes, when the Indians heard the evil spirit come crashing through the bush to annihilate them. Pretending they were rabbits they leaped, cavorted and hopped, accordingly. The ruse was successful. The evil one passed, leaving them unharmed.

Milady of the woods is not dependent on store or fashion book for a dance dress. She makes her own and her model is glamorous considering the materials at hand. The requisites are about three yards of sturdy cotton, tan or brown, about a couple of hundred Copenhagen snuff boxes and a dozen or so jam tins. The magnificence of production is not in cut, which is plain and sleeveless, but in the four

The rabbit dancers. The girl's ornaments are described below.
J. Carruthers.

hundred funnel shaped ornaments, (cut from the snuff boxes) strung around the skirt, neck and sleeves. There are three rows on the skirt.

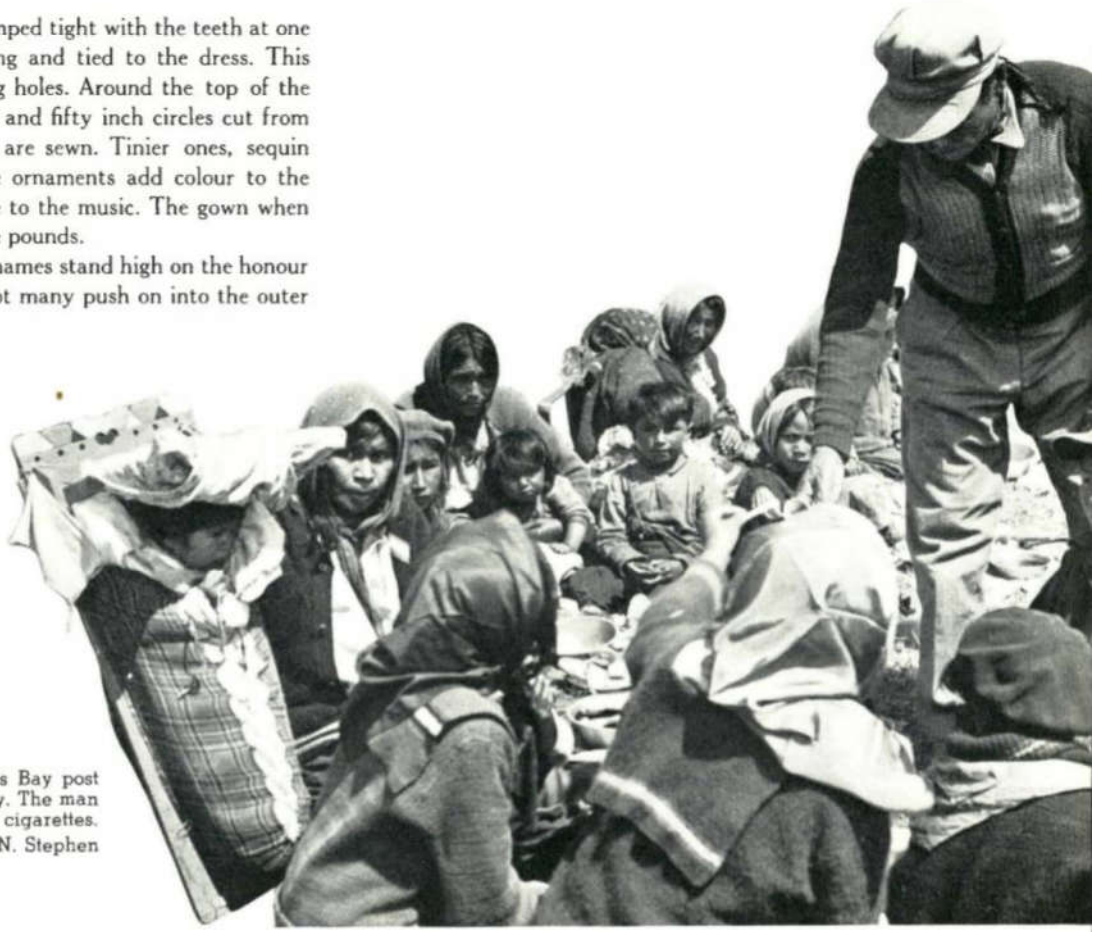
These tin affairs are clamped tight with the teeth at one end on to a piece of string and tied to the dress. This obviates sewing or piercing holes. Around the top of the "bugles" about a hundred and fifty inch circles cut from the jam tins and pierced, are sewn. Tinier ones, sequin size, again top these. The ornaments add colour to the dress and a clattering note to the music. The gown when complete weighs about five pounds.

Apart from boys whose names stand high on the honour roll of this lake country not many push on into the outer world. Do you blame them? This land they live in fills all their needs. They know that there is peace in these quiet woods and that in the country beyond the fringes of the jack-pine there is stress and convention that would cage their spirit and their dreams.

The flair for art is deeply rooted in all Ojibway pupils. Instinctively, they paint, and with guidance have produced pencil drawings, and water colours; pictures filled with the glow and warmth of lake-reflected sunsets, the majesty of pines, loneliness, the flight of night-birds against a moonlit sky. It is all there, the simplicity and beauty of things that are eternal.

A number of these pictures have reached the market, Stephen Landon's, who illustrated for Presbyterian publications, Gerald Redsky, who was drowned a year ago, but who on successive years took first prizes for his work over all Indian exhibits at Brandon Fair, Stanley Patoosh who is selling with considerable success at Minaki.

Yes, there is beauty in these quiet woods. The Ojibway knows the joy of walking a fern-fringed trail, and of watching a fledgling's flight. The forest is his school house, and from it he has gained an understanding of life. Above all it has given him riches—the riches of knowing how to live hand in hand and in harmony with the world about him. ◆



Feast at a Hudson's Bay post in Ojibway country. The man is passing round cigarettes.
C. N. Stephen

The tributes have been paid and the last sad rites completed, but for the people of Canada the very special relations that existed between them and our late Sovereign will continue to be an affectionate memory. King George VI was the first reigning monarch to visit Canada, and his tour in 1939 is remembered vividly and with pleasure.

In the course of that journey, which took him to all the Canadian Provinces, he became the first reigning King to visit "Rupert's Land" and to claim as one of King Charles's "Heires and Successors" the tribute laid down in our Royal Charter of May 2nd, 1670. The "two Elkes and two Black Beavers" were presented to His Majesty in a unique ceremony before the gate of old Fort Garry by Governor Patrick Ashley Cooper. After the ceremony the King's private secretary, in a letter written by Royal Command to the Governor, referred to "the long association of his Family with your famous Company." This association continues with our new Monarch, Queen Elizabeth II, who has already seen "Rupert's Land" and has won the affection of Canadians from sea to sea.

Spring Packet

Bungee

Since the article on the Red River dialect appeared in the last *Beaver* we have had several enquiries as to the origin of the term *Bungee*. The best guess so far is that it comes from the Ojibway word *punge*, meaning little or few—though why this name should be given to the dialect is not explained. Alexander Henry the Younger tells us that "the Ogeebois [Ojibway] are commonly called by the English Algonquins, by the Canadians Saulteurs [because they came from Sault Ste. Marie] and by the H. B. Co. Servants Bungees." But he gives no reason for it.

Miles Macdonell, writing to Lord Selkirk from Red River in 1813, refers to "the Salteaux or Bungee Indians" and in a previous letter to his boss he remarks that "The Bungees I am told are anxious for our arrival [at Red River] & feel rejoiced in the idea that we shall be a powerful support to them against their mortal enemies the Sieux."

From all this it is evident that the Bungees were the Ojibway of the Red River—not the Crees. And since the Red River dialect contains Cree words rather than Ojibway, it seems that the historians who maintain that the term Bungee should not be applied to the dialect are right.

Sharptails

Reading "Ballet of the Brushlands" we were reminded that, a few years ago, an old-timer told us how he used to watch the sharptails dancing in what is now a busy corner of Winnipeg. Their chosen place was a knoll on the bank of the Assiniboine near his house, where River Avenue now turns into Wellington Crescent. Each spring the birds used to hold their age-old rites there, and our friend, who was then a small boy, would creep out in the dawn to watch them.

At that time—about sixty-five years ago—Wellington Crescent, now the show residential street of Winnipeg, was a trail used by Indians, and the brush-girt knoll on the river's bank was a favorite camping ground of theirs. In the summer, after the birds had departed, the befeathered red men would sometimes stage their own dances on the selfsame spot, imitating the grotesque actions and the cries of the courting grouse.

It is many years since the sharptails left that ancestral dancing ground, never to return. But the memory of their strange performances near his boyhood home is still fresh in the mind of the old-timer and his contemporaries—a memory which lends a nostalgic, woodland charm to that spot on the Assiniboine's bank, where the motor traffic swirls round the corner of River Avenue and the Crescent.

Contributors

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Arctic Ale

One hundred years ago, a large expedition of five ships set out from England under the command of Capt. Edward Belcher, R.N., to look for the lost Franklin expedition. Among the supplies they took with them (a list of which is given in the appendix to Belcher's account of the voyage) were 540 gallons of ale, specially brewed to withstand the low temperatures by Allsopp's of Burton-on-Trent. In the report Belcher made on the provisions he had this to say of the ale:

"By experiments made at a temperature of 42° on deck, it was found to stand + 12° before affording any symptom of congelation. *Very good* and *very important*; its loss will be felt next spring."

Actually the supply did not give out until the beginning of the second winter, when the men had to depend entirely on "home brew" made with essence of malt and hops. A complete report of the process used is given in Belcher's first volume. Of the Allsopp's ale, Belcher reported to the Admiralty that it had indeed been a great blessing to them, particularly for the sick, and that it kept exceedingly well.

Serving on this expedition was Lt. G. S. Nares, and when in 1875 he was given command of another Arctic expedition whose object was to reach the North Pole—and which got farther north than any ship up to that time—he ordered some of the Arctic ale to be supplied.

Two bottles of this 77-year-old brew turned up recently in an English cellar, and were brought to the attention of *Harper's Wine & Spirit Gazette* which published some notes on them last November. The bottles, they said, had been sent to Sir Nathaniel Highmore in 1910 from the Midland Bottlers of Burton, accompanied by a letter from Percy B. Wilson (who, incidentally, was the father of the present *Beaver* editor). The letter explained that the beer, from its great age, would naturally not show any head, being in fact a true barley wine. And it went on to state that the members of the Nares expedition found that the ale kept them warm much better than a similar quantity of any spirits.

Those who regard beer and ale as a luxury may be surprised to know that so much importance was attached to providing it for Arctic expeditions of a tougher era than this. But in the old days (before the heavy taxation era) beer was regarded almost as a necessity, and one is reminded that even the members of the little *Nonsuch* expedition brewed the stuff during that first winter of 1668-9 at Charles Fort.

Slaughter

Evidence of the lengths to which some fur traders will go to turn an honest dollar appears in the February issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In an article entitled "People of the Deer," which will also be published in book form, we learn that "As recently as the 1920s, one outpost of a world-famous trading concern actually encouraged the sale of tremendous quantities of ammunition to the Northern Indians by offering to buy all the deer tongues that were brought in! Many thousands of dried deer tongues passed through that post, while many thousands of carcasses, stripped only of their tongues, remained to rot in the spring thaws."

That certainly looks pretty bad—and the R.C.M.P. thought so too, back in 1939 (not "the 1920's"). A trapper reported to them that he had seen advertisements in some of the posts of the well-known fur trading company,

offering the Indians so much per pound for all the dried deer's tongue they could bring in. Investigations were at once started; government game departments were alerted; and the fever of indignation mounted when it was disclosed that a large tobacco company down east was buying the dried deer's tongue from the fur traders.

So there were some red faces in evidence when it was discovered that the contraband goods were simply the dried leaves of a plant called "deer's tongue," which grows in the North and is used for flavouring tobacco.

Now the *Atlantic* has revived the story—and someone else is going to have a red face. . . .

S. S. Beaver

Until recently we were always under the impression that the H B C paddle-wheeler *Beaver*, which rounded the Horn in 1835, was the first steamer on the Pacific Ocean. So it was with great interest that we read an article in the November *Nautical Research Journal*, a mimeographed monthly published in California by the Nautical Research Guild, which stated that, far from being the first, the *Beaver* was the fifth!

First steamship on the Pacific Ocean according to Capt. P. A. McDonald, who wrote the article, was the *Telica*, a vessel owned, operated, and skippered by a Spaniard, which appeared on the west coast ten years before the *Beaver*. She *may* have gone as far north as the present San Francisco. Second steamer on the Pacific was the London-built *Sophia Jane*, which arrived in Australian waters in May 1831. That same year the Australians built the S. S. *Surprise*, which was launched at Sydney. And three years later the *Tamar*, built in Glasgow, arrived in Tasmania.

Priority for the *Beaver* can only be claimed, therefore, on the grounds that she was the first steamer on the Pacific north of San Francisco—if the *Telica* got as far north as that. But she far outlasted her contemporaries. The *Tamar* was wrecked in 1873, but the *Beaver* survived until 1888, after being in service on the coast for fifty-two years.

Just in Case . . .

L. A. Learmonth, a *Beaver* contributor for several years, and an Arctic traveller of wide experience, has had the bad luck to be forced down twice in the Western Arctic while flying from Yellowknife to the coast. (See "Christmas Rescue," *Beaver* Dec. 1946.) The second mishap occurred last November, not far from Bathurst Inlet, when the plane in which he was travelling tried to land in the dusk, barely missed a rocky cliff, and ended up by ploughing along the frozen turf, losing a wheel, and digging its nose into the ground.

There he and the airmen stayed for five days before being rescued, with strong winds buffeting their little tent, and with the thermometer hovering around 20° and 30° below zero. All they had for cutting snow blocks were a broken shovel and a six-inch knife.

After these experiences Mr. Learmonth made out a short list of emergency equipment which he suggests all small planes operating in the treeless regions of the Arctic should carry. And here it is:

1 Mount Logan type double-walled tent, about 9′ diameter. 1 canoe cover, 8 oz. duck, 12′x20′. 1 Coleman 2-burner, gas burning camp stove; or 2 S.B. Speedmasters with spare generators and wrenches. 2 H B C snow knives and one 26″ hand saw (for snow blocks). 1 shovel. 2 heavy-haired caribou skins for insulation below sleeping bags. 1 Coleman gas lantern with spare generator. 1 doz. candles. Matches in waterproof case.

Any further suggestions?

Treasure

Chief Factor James McDougall was one of those capable, hardworking commissioned officers of the Company who pioneered the West before the settlers arrived. He joined the Company in London in 1862 and came out on the ship *Prince of Wales* to York Factory. With him on the voyage was a fellow-apprentice named W. Cornwallis King, who became a chief trader, and whose memoirs the *Beaver* has published from time to time, as told to Mary Weekes.

The pity of it is that no one took down the memoirs of Chief Factor McDougall, for he travelled much more widely than Cornwallis King, covering the North from Hudson Bay to Vancouver Island and from Fort Garry to Fort Yukon, where he was in charge when it was still in Russian territory. However, he has left behind numerous notebooks, including his diary of the voyage out in 1862, a large sheaf of letters, documents, etc., and an unequalled collection of 6x9 photographs in three albums, carefully identified and dated—even to the very day on which many of them were taken.

This material, we are happy to say, has recently been presented to us by a granddaughter, Miss Ann McDougall of Montreal, and we are looking forward to using some of it in the near future, as well as in many subsequent issues. The photos were taken between 1888 and 1892, and many of the negatives have fortunately been preserved. On the 1892 trip McDougall went from Edmonton to Fort McPherson and back with Elizabeth Taylor, as described in the *Beaver* for March and June 1948, and some of the photos which were credited to her in those articles were actually taken by him.

BOOK REVIEWS

INUK, by Roger Buliard, with an introduction by Fulton J. Sheen. Farrar, Straus and Young, Inc., New York, 1951. 322 pages.

IN contrast to many other remote parts of the globe where missionaries of various religious denominations are at work, in the Canadian Far North there are only Anglicans and Roman Catholics. The Anglicans, long had the Eskimos largely to themselves. Within the last quarter-century, however, the Catholics have established missions at vantage points along the Arctic coast and on some of the islands, often right alongside the Anglican outposts.

In out-of-the-way corners are small missions each of which has a handful of priests and brothers, all members of the Oblate Order. Most of these northern priests have always been Frenchmen. It is by one of the latter that *Inuk* has been written, and it chronicles his life for fifteen years (1933-48) among the Copper Eskimos of Coronation Gulf and Victoria Island.

Other priests have written books about the Eskimos, but they were essentially religious tracts circulated to help raise funds. This one is noteworthy as a bona-fide first-person account of Catholic missionary endeavour in the Canadian High North by a priest who has lived there year in, year out; and it is an absorbing document.

To many Catholics the book may be altogether appealing and inspiring. To staunch Anglicans it may prove pretty irritating here and there. To others, with or without any prior knowledge of the North, it is likely to appear to be somewhat biased. The introduction by Monsignor Sheen serves as a signpost, however, so the reader cannot be caught unawares. Having noted that, he may go on to find that the story is vividly, feelingly and not at all stuffily told. The author is a priest, that's all, and it is through his eyes and ears that the drama has been seen and heard.

In his introductory description of the homeland of the Eskimos, Father Buliard says it "is probably the most unattractive and least rewarding section of the earth occupied by human beings." When he gets warmed up to his subject, however, and launches into lively accounts of seal, bear and caribou hunts, and net-fishing, his part of the Arctic does not seem to be particularly unattractive or unrewarding.

As for the Eskimos, early in the book he avers: " . . . the better you get to know them, the less you are inclined to admire them. . . . the old-timer is apt to . . . write them off as thieves, liars and murderers." This is hardly borne out by Father Buliard's own story, nor by the testimony of numerous other witnesses, but from the viewpoint of the missionary the tougher the prospective parishioners are at the outset the more triumphant may be their ultimate conversion.

Archdeacon J. Harold Webster is a devoted hard-working Anglican missionary who has lived and travelled in the Coronation Gulf area for over twenty years, and was Father Buliard's neighbor, but he is never named in the book and the only references to him are slighting ones. The author indicts some of the men and policies of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and criticizes the Canadian Government for its neglect of the Eskimos. Father Buliard apparently believes that the only people whose objectives and activities in the North are entirely praiseworthy are the Catholic missionaries. The bias detracts from his recommendations for bettering the lot of the Eskimos.

But taken as a whole the book is not an acrimonious one, nor is it just an *apologia* for the Catholic missions. Ten years ago another native of France, Gontran de Poncins, wrote *Kabloona*, a book about his adventures among a group of Eskimos to the east of Coronation Gulf. It was fascinatingly written but its picture of the Eskimos and their folkways was subjective and fanciful. It took an Arctic specialist to recognize this, however. But this is not the case with *Inuk*, which can at once be classified. It may then be read as the reminiscences of a Catholic missionary whose facts are generally sound, but coloured here and there.

Father Buliard prides himself (with justification) on his fine command of the Eskimo language. Indicating that the French priests are better equipped than most other white men living in the North to study the Eskimo language, he says: "The English [speaking] people, with one or two exceptions, never bother to learn more than a few words, just enough to enable them to speak a kind of pidgin Eskimo. This serves their purpose as traders and policemen." Certain policemen, such as Constable William Macgregor, who was stationed in Baffin Island years ago; certain traders, like Leo Manning, "the white man with the tongue of an Eskimo"; and certain missionaries, protestant as well as Roman Catholic, such as the late Canon Turner; and Father Buliard's chief rival himself, Archdeacon J. H. Webster—all are, or were, Eskimo linguists.

Diamond Jenness, the anthropologist, ending his superb account of two years among the Copper Eskimos, *The People of the Twilight*, poignantly asked: "Were we the harbingers of a brighter dawn, or only messengers of ill-omen, portending disaster?" By odd coincidence, Father Buliard, in winding up his own story, asks: "Are we white men harbingers of a new and brilliant era, or simply advance agents of destruction?"

The Eskimos, as Jenness knew them, as this reviewer knew them, and as Father Buliard knew them, are bound to change through the years, as other indigenes have changed—for better or worse. But the Eskimos have demonstrated their hardiness and adaptability. They will survive for a long time to come in spite of the traders, the policemen—and the missionaries. —*Richard Finnie.*

NORTH POLE BOARDING HOUSE. Told by Elsie Gillis to Eugenie Myles. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1951. 206 pages.

THIS is the interesting, informative and chatty story of a young woman who spent a winter housekeeping in the Arctic with her meteorologist husband. She had the good fortune, on leaving Churchill, to sail on an historic ship on an historic voyage. For this was the year 1945 when the good ship *Nascopie* had not sailed many hours out of Churchill before the joyous tidings of VJ day were announced. It was the final voyage, before retirement, of that veteran Arctic navigator, Captain T. F. Smellie, O.B.E. This same summer witnessed the Sir John Franklin centenary when, in waters known to Franklin one hundred years earlier, Captain Smellie deposited a commemorative wreath over the side of the ship. And it was the year of an historic Eskimo murder trial at Fort Ross.

All these details are recorded by Mrs. Myles and much else besides: the wedding of Post Manager and Mrs. A. T. Swaffield at Pond Inlet, where newcomers are so impressed with the grandeur of the scenery; the bustle and excitement, for whites and Eskimos alike, of that important annual event called "shiptime," probably the outstanding happening of the Arctic year. Finally, in an epilogue to the book, the loss of the famous *Nascopie* is recorded, in those same Arctic waters she had ploughed so long and so faithfully.

Mrs. Gillis, like all newcomers, was agreeably surprised at the comfortable, modern and "civilized" homes in which live the white people of the Arctic. Like all of us in our city ignorance, she imagined the traders, Mounties and government officials to be living in tar-paper shacks! She found that life in the Arctic, like life in the cities, can be industrious, interesting and even gracious. And also, as in the white man's cities, it can be very much the reverse. She goes into raptures over most of the Arctic scenery and there is a fine pen-picture of the eerie grandeur of the Arctic moonlight and the aurora borealis. And the reader feels some of the thrill she experienced galloping over the snow on the Eskimo komatik behind a well-conditioned team of huskies.

The late Jimmy Bell was the manager of the Hudson's Bay post at Arctic Bay, where Mrs. Gillis' "boarding house" was located, and we gain from her account further corroboration of his stature as a trader and outstanding personality of the Arctic. Here was a man respected by Eskimos and whites alike, for he served them all. And of the Eskimos, Mrs. Myles writes, "When they were in trouble, they came to him for help and he gave generously of his time, his skill, his food, or whatever was needed to meet the emergency." She describes also another Arctic stalwart, Canon J. H. Turner, who likewise is no longer with us. He too, for his Eskimo friends "gave generously of his time, his skill, his food, or whatever was needed to meet the emergency."

Although Mrs. Gillis lived only one year in the Arctic, she was observant to a degree and thus her collaborator, Mrs. Myles, is able to present us with an informative story with the minimum of errors, or even exaggerations. One receives the impression, however, that Mrs. Gillis was never really at home at Arctic Bay. She never became acclimatized; was, in fact, "in exile" and always waiting for the next "shiptime." And it is not thus that "Arctic types," exemplified by Canon J. H. Turner and Jimmy Bell, are developed.—*J.W.A.*

FEATHERS PREFERRED by W. Austin Peters. The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Penn., and McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto, 1951. 198 pages.

THIS is the journal of a good sportsman and naturalist, from his early youth in Ontario until his present middle age. It is surprising that he attained maturity when one considers how he was allowed to use fire-arms unattended as a child, and also to lend a gun for deer hunting to one who had not previously fired one! His enthusiasm and acute observations are conveyed to the reader most pleasantly, and he is well qualified to discuss the subject.

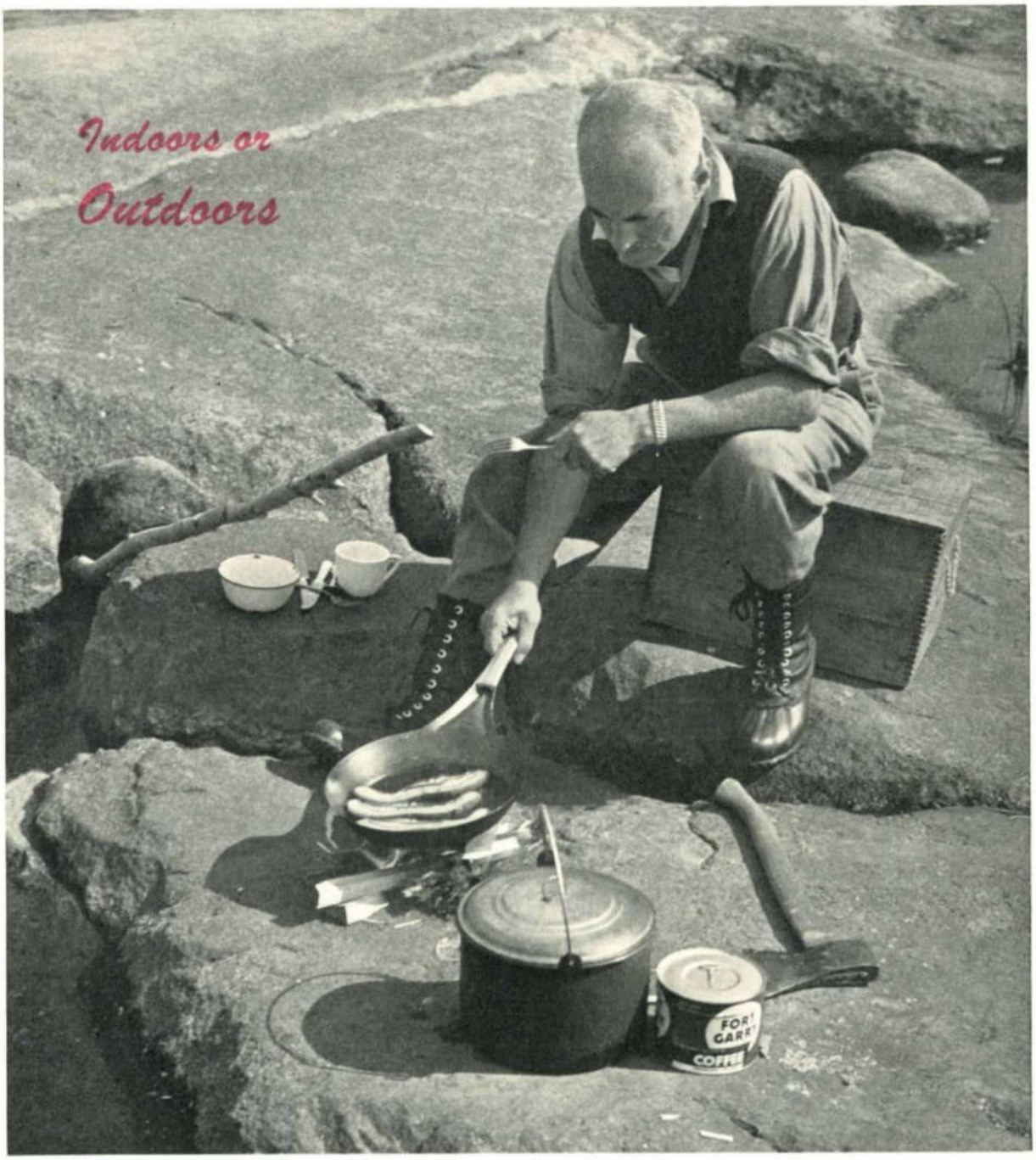
For the record, his story of a fox-hunt (p. 58) needs correction. The Master carries the horn; the whole "field" is not an orchestra of horn-blowers. (England is too small for so much noise.) Further, George M. Sutton was the first man to find blue geese nesting on Southampton Island, very shortly after J. Dewey Soper found them on Baffin Island. T. H. Manning found them there later (p. 150). One suspects that the author's missing teal after shooting geese (p. 93) was due to his shooting too far in front rather than behind them. Teal are slower than geese and even slower than mallards, according to most reliable timings.

The author's remarks on arranging wooden decoys show considerably more knowledge than is possessed by most shooters, and his attitude toward persistent long shots is that of a true sportsman and humanitarian.

On page 171 there is a description of an experiment with grain dyed purple and red and other colours, which was rejected by pigeons but accepted by rodents, the former identifying by sight, the latter by scent. This indicates that poisoned grain may be left in the open for rodents without danger to birds. The author's failure to rat-proof his floors with cement might have been overcome by mixing broken glass with the cement; this has been successful for years in England.

The last chapter on Wildlife Management is probably Mr. Peters' best: he does not take too much for granted and carefully weighs the evidence. Cautious about making deductions from the contradictory evidence as to population cycles, about which so much has yet to be learned, he is also well informed on the dangers of over-browsing by deer and over-shooting a diminishing bird and mammal population.

Altogether, it is a very readable volume, written in a happy, conversational style on themes that are by no means worn threadbare yet.—*L. T. S. Norris-Elye.*



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